THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible] Weekly Magazine
Fou[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

JULY 9, 1910 5cts. THE [illegible] OPY

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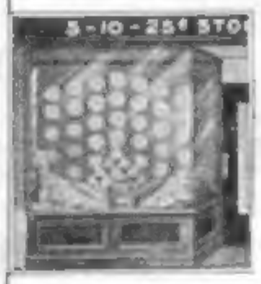

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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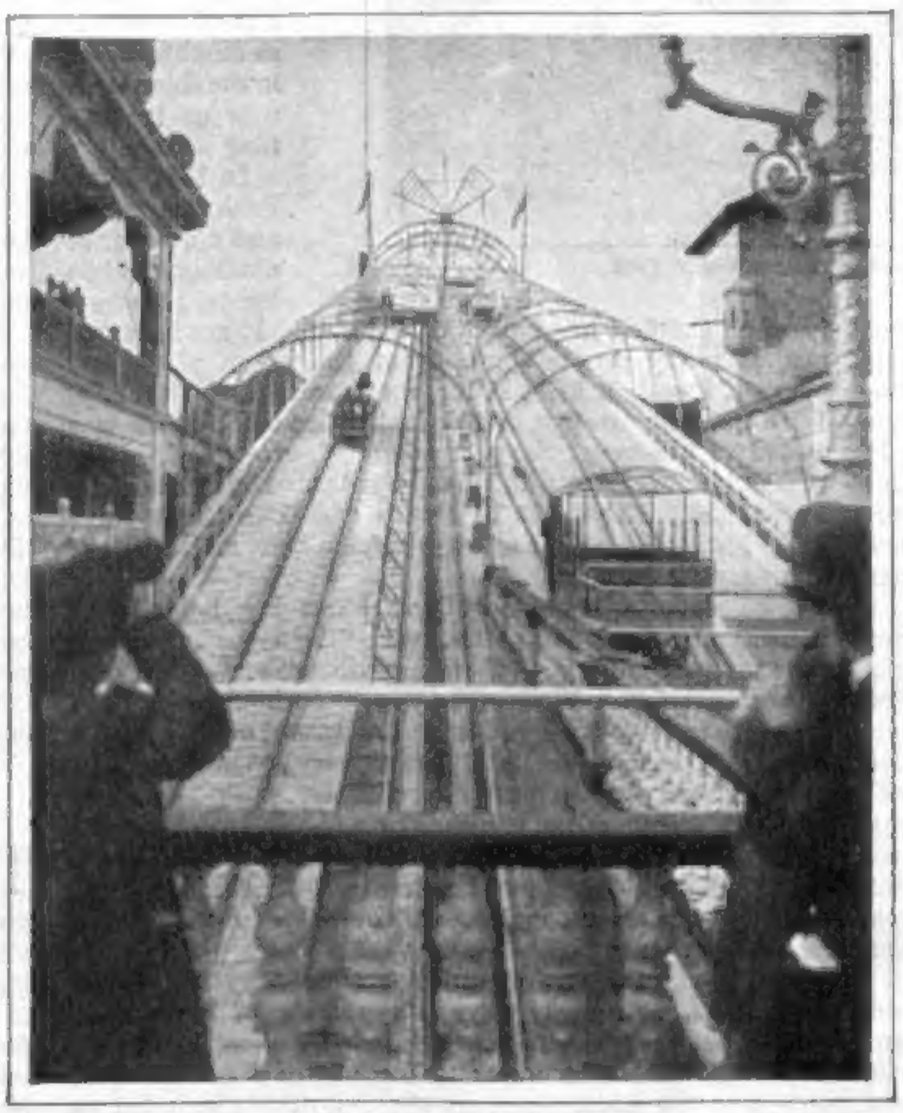
In the Good Old Summertime

Profits in Making People Laugh—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IF ALL the electric lights that are used to illuminate our summer amusement parks were strung out considerably less than a foot apart they would blaze a brilliant path clear across the continent. This electricity is only a small detail in the conduct of a business that within ten years has developed to the point where it touches one-half of the entire population of the United States. So much is it a part of the shifting and sometimes foolish hot-weather season that few people stop to realize its scope and meaning. Yet when you "shoot the chutes" or ride on the scenic railway in your local amusement park you contribute to the support of a vast industry that is almost as stable as the shoe trade.

Every summer we spend more than twenty-five million dollars on frivolous diversion. Behind the glittering minarets and mosques of the Streets of Cairo, where the houris dance, and underneath the tinned cañons of Giant Gorges, where the roller-coasters rush, there is a definite commercial proposition which, including the real estate, represents a total investment of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. A perfect business system has been evolved in which "frankfurters" and popcorn are capitalized. More than a thousand parks, distributed throughout every state, ranging from a few fenced acres—inclosing a bandstand, a shooting gallery and a merry-go-round—to a steel exposition of amusement by the sea, constitute this empire of fun and frolic. It has created a distinct school of entertainment and made a fresh group of millionaires. Its romance of quick riches is as fascinating as the record of a mining camp. In the successful exploitation of its somewhat intangible wares is a lesson in salesmanship that has value and significance for every business man, no matter what he sells.



The Ever-Popular Chutes

The development of the summer amusement business has been so swift and so great that the promoters themselves have not appreciated its magnitude. Like the automobile industry, it has outgrown its statistics every little while. It is a comparatively recent thing. Any man of middle age easily remembers the time when the sole distraction for his family, if he happened to be townbound during the summer in an inland community, was a beer garden where a band played and where fireworks occasionally varied the monotony. At the seashore, such as, for instance, the beaches around the city of New York, there were the Pain or Kiralfy spectacles, the Gilmore or Sousa concerts, and the bathing. There was no big organized summer amusement institution.

The evolution has been interesting, too, for it is, in the main, the story of a few men who have projected large ideas. The Midway at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893, the first of the White Cities, pointed the way. Here for the first time the nation was really seen at play, and the fact that the people and their money responded so quickly to brilliant lights, varied color and the beguiling fascination of Oriental sound and scene was not lost on shrewd showmen. Two in particular mingled in the gay throng during that memorable summer. One was Samuel W. Gumpertz, of St. Louis; the other was Frederic Thompson, of Nashville. Gumpertz was the older, and we will see first what he did.

When he observed how the Midway shows raked in the money he remarked to himself, "This apparently is what the public wants." On his return to St. Louis he went to the St. Louis & Suburban Railway people and said: "You want business for your street-car line and I want to make some money. I see a way to do both. If you will furnish me with the electricity and aid me in other ways I will start a new kind of summer park." The company assented and the Suburban Gardens were started. Here Mr. Gumpertz installed a free vaudeville theater, illusions with fancy "fronts," a shooting gallery, a scenic railway and a carousel. He was lavish with the use of electric lights. Some of the performers on that free stage who were glad to get a hundred dollars a week are now making thousands a week, for they included Montgomery and Stone and Lew Dockstader.

What was the result? At the end of the first season not only had the park made money but the street-car line had so increased its earnings that the common stock went up from nineteen to fifty. Something else also happened that was to have a big influence on the whole summer amusement business. Up to the time of the opening of Mr. Gumpertz' park most of the summer gardens and parks had been owned, subsidized or operated by breweries. They furnished a profitable outlet for beer and likewise considerable advertising. With the success of Mr. Gumpertz' park the traction lines began to take a hand in the game, and by 1909 they owned or controlled seventy-five per cent of the summer parks. This year they control about one-half, for many of the parks have now passed into private hands. Thus the launching of the big summer amusement parks accomplished one constructive work at the very start by helping to supplant the brewer as a dominant factor in park managements.

Subsequently Mr. Gumpertz started the Forest Park Highlands and the Delmar Gardens at St. Louis, thus beginning his chain of parks that was to have its largest link in Greater Dreamland at Coney Island.

All this time Thompson was not idle. He was young, keen-eyed and a mechanical wizard. He went back to Nashville and worked as draftsman in the office of his uncle, who was a builder. The uncle constructed several of the buildings at the Nashville Exposition, but could not collect his bills; so the Exposition officials returned the buildings to him. One of them housed an illusion called the Blue Grotto, a reproduction of a famous cave at Capri. The uncle said to his nephew, "Fred, run this show, and see if we can't pull our money out." With the instinct of the born showman Thompson leaped to the task. Instead of hiring two "barkers" he talked an animated "spiel" into a phonograph, put the machine on a revolving base and turned it loose. It was a novelty and it was good advertising for the show. In addition, it saved the salaries of two men. The Blue Grotto made money. At the Omaha Exposition Thompson built an illusion called Day and Night, and when the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, was opened in 1901 Thompson was there with a show called A Trip to the Moon. The idea was simple, but it was the parent of all the mechanical shows that now take in millions every summer. Thompson had reasoned like this: "For years people have been content to sit still and watch a cyclorama like the Battle of Gettysburg, but

A Bird's-Eye View of Luna Park at Night

At the Psychological Moment the "Barkers" Begin Their Talk

they are getting tired of it. They want action. Why not use a moving cyclorama and make the audience move at the same time?" Having big vision, he foresaw the coming age of the airship. In A Trip to the Moon the spectators were simply given the sensation of moving in midair. It was the hit of the Buffalo fair and it gave Thompson his start. At Omaha he had fallen in with Elmer, otherwise "Skip," Dundy, and the two tied up for an alliance that was to mean the whole reshaping of the summer amusement business.

At Buffalo Thompson got the idea that today forms the real basis of the profitable and glorified summer park. He observed, among other things, that the people got tired walking from one exposition building to another. There were long gaps with no diversion. Besides, there was always the fierce glare of the sun on white staff. "Instead of an exposition of dull industrial exhibits why not have an exposition of fun, with everything close together and with something doing all the time? Inject color and the carnival spirit into this," he said, "and you will have a new sort of amusement ground." Here was the cornerstone of all future Luna Parks.

The Buffalo fair ended. Thompson and Dundy looked around for a suitable place to plant A Trip to the Moon. Their eyes fell on Coney Island. Here was the greatest showground in the world, without a real showman. It had ideal conditions for business, for there was a dense population to draw from and good transit facilities. The show was installed on leased ground and two of the future kings of the island set up their standards. Up to that time Coney Island was a sort of disorganized revel. Captain Paul Boyton ran Sea Lion Park, where he gave aquatic exhibitions; George Tilyou had opened a seaside theater and was doing his best to run a clean resort; and L. A. Thompson had made a success of his scenic railway. Of Tilyou and L. A. Thompson you shall hear more later on.

Lucrative Laughter

THE idea for the new kind of summer park obsessed Frederic Thompson, for New York's dollars kept on flowing into the island. He had the moon show as a nucleus. He interested some capital, formed a stock company and, being unable to buy land on the ocean front, purchased the site of Sea Lion Park, one thousand feet back from the water. A new amusement city rose, and red and white minarets and towers formed a jagged Bagdad outline against the sky. Here was a new kind of amusement architecture for Coney Island. When people asked Thompson why he put it up he said: "It's good business. The summer amusement seeker, like the summer buyer of merchandise, wants something fresh and original. The Oriental architecture gives a picturesque skyline by day and lends itself to brilliant illumination at night. To make a good 'front' is as much an asset in the show business as in running a store."

In 1902 Luna Park was opened and a quarter of a million electric lights flashed forth on the first great park of the kind. It got its name not, as many people think, from the moon show but because Dundy's little sister was named Luna Dundy. With the inauguration of this institution a new name was added to the vocabulary of summer amusement. How well it is liked is attested by the fact that it has become worldwide. The cities of Berlin and Paris now have Luna Parks; likewise there are Dreamlands at Budapest, Hungary, and Cairo, Egypt.

Two definite business-getting ideas lay behind the launching of Luna Park. One was, "To attract people in summer you must give them a thrill, either with a tear or with a laugh." The other was, "To hold people and make them come back you must keep them moving all the time." The last one is a commercial axiom that any business man may well keep in mind, for, when applied to stocks of merchandise, it means profits. It incarnates the whole business philosophy of the late Marshall Field, who once said, "Successful merchandising simply means keeping your stocks moving all the time. Action is the life of business."

The next year Dreamland was opened by Mr. Gumpertz, who was backed by a syndicate of New York politicians and capitalists headed by Senator W. H. Reynolds. This added another forty acres of transplanted Orient to the great resort by the sea, and it included an electric tower that outshone the strongest lighthouse as a beacon to incoming ships.

Down at one end of the island George Tilyou had opened Steeplechase Park. Here is a different type of the summer amusement king. At fourteen he had been a vender of souvenirs; at twenty he ran a real-estate office; before he was thirty he had a surfside theater. He saw that if you let the summer amusement seeker have a chance to make himself ridiculous you will not only give him a good time but afford an amusing spectacle for everybody else who happens to be around. In short, instead of having costly mechanical shows, he let his patrons furnish the fun by making foolish falls, by suddenly encountering cyclonic blasts that blew off their hats, or by scrambling around on a moving floor.

Here, then, were three great amusement institutions, dominated by shrewd business men who displayed resource, acumen and originality that doubtless would have made them successes in any other kind of activity. The park promoter everywhere was quick to follow their lead, and thus from Coney Island spread the ideas upon which ninety per cent of all our summer parks have been reared.

Merely launching great summer amusement parks like those at Coney Island, however, did not solve the problem of amusing the masses year after year. The hot-weather amusement seeker is a fickle person. Just as he wearies of styles in hats and clothes, so does he tire of shows or sensations if they are not changed. Summer fun is like the stock in a store—it must be different each season. Therefore the job of the big summer park manager is a hard one, and the methods that he employs in creating and purveying diversion offer some helpful hints for the merchant.

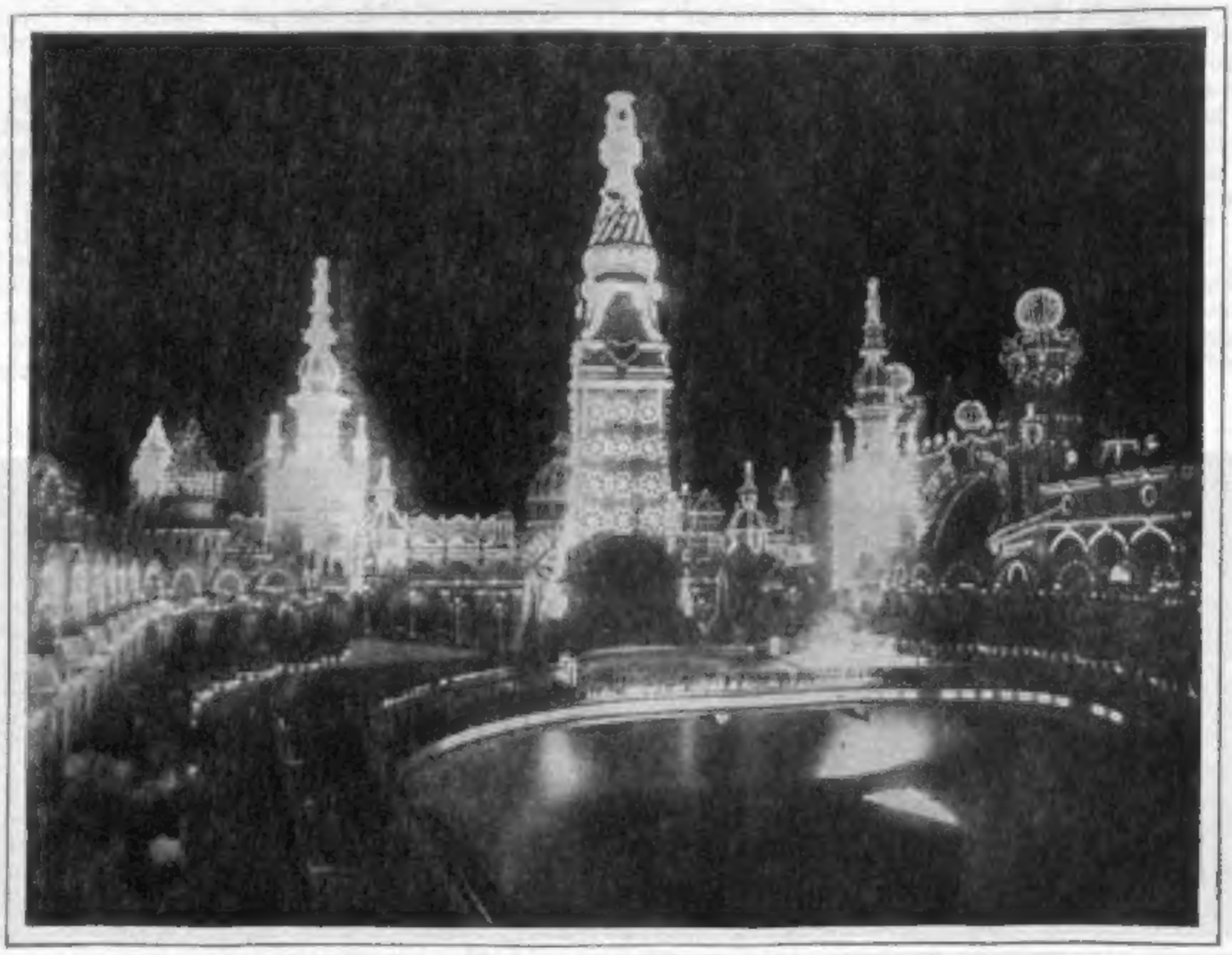
In the first place the summer crowd is harder to please and handle than the winter crowd. At the regular theater, for example, the audience sits in comfortable seats protected from inclement weather. On the indoor stage words and dramatic action tell a story, and thrill or move with pathos or comedy. You get the result of intimate contact. But in a vast, open summer park it is different. There are thousands of people wandering around in free and careless mood. What can be done to make them interested and at the same time to make them spend their money? The successful summer showman does it with two things: he makes them laugh and he gives them thrills. A laughing crowd is easier to handle and much more profitable than a morbid and silent one.

Rounding Up an Audience

THIS is one reason why there are so many free shows in the big parks. It may be a grotesque circus act in the arena or a pair of "rube" clowns on the main esplanade whose antics set the crowd to laughing. Frederic Thompson believed that men and women never get over the idea of wanting to slide down the cellar door, and half a dozen devices in his park, when stripped of high-sounding names, are simply revivals of the old schoolday coasting frolic. Not only do the people who slide have a good time but also the people who watch them are amused, and thus the carnival spirit, which means dollars, is created.

Free shows have another distinct business value; they are great feeders to the pay shows. People scatter in the big parks. They do not generally go into the shows in driblets, but they will go in groups. A free stunt always attracts a crowd. If a man puts a penny on the ground and stands looking at it he will attract people. As one showman once put it, "The crowd would expect the penny to fly." At any rate the free show, no matter if it is a simple burst of music by a gayly uniformed band, will draw. It may only last a few minutes, but it has served its purpose. At the psychological moment the "barkers" in the show, or shows, alongside begin their talk, for they have an audience to talk to. Getting an audience is one of the hardest jobs of the business, but after the people are assembled the rest is usually easy.

Sometimes, however, the crowd is slow to wake up, and to stimulate interest and give the crowd a little encouragement many of the parks have



"The Electric City by the Sea"

what are known in the summer amusement vernacular as "shillabers." In the gambling fraternity they would be "come-ons." When the "barker" has finished his opening talk, or "made an opening" as it is called, and has failed to "turn them"—that is, get people inside—you will hear him yell, "Shillers to the fore." In a moment several men and women will walk briskly up to the ticket seller, buy tickets and step into the show with great assurance and confidence. They are the "shillabers" employed by the park. It only takes a few people to start a crowd going into any place, and the summer crowd, especially, is like a flock of sheep. The free exhibit in front of the show, which may consist of several dancing girls, a moving picture or a strong man, together with the "barker," is known technically as the "ballyhoo."

In this connection is a fact that should be of interest and perhaps of value to all business men. The successful summer park promoter marks up the prices of his shows in plain figures. The reason was explained to me by Mr. Gumpertz.

"It is," he said, "as important for the showman to mark his prices plainly as for the merchant, especially one who deals with the great mass of the people and who has bargains to offer. Many people who go to the summer parks have a limited amount of money to spend. If a man is with a girl he does not want to go up and ask the price of admission. He wants to step up like a sport and say, 'Give me two tickets,' and lay down his money just as if he had been in the habit of doing it every day of his life. If you help a man to do this he will come back to your park again."

Dollars in Thrills

THE summer park proprietors have found that the work of making their patrons laugh is a serious business, but it is worth all the labor put into it, because laughter makes for good nature and a good-natured man will spend his money.

Laughter is only one aid to profits. A still greater one is the thrill of danger or excitement. This is shown by the simple fact that the steadiest and most permanent money-makers in all the big parks are those that have movement or action of some kind. Take the scenic railway. Ten years ago, if a coaster "dropped" ten feet it was a "thriller." To-day there is a giant coaster at Brighton Beach that rises to an elevation of one hundred and sixteen feet and then drops eighty-five feet. On the scenic railways people travel at the rate of a mile a minute. Most of them probably do not realize this, and if they did it would not keep them from patronizing them. A speed of less than a mile a minute would not pay; for although the summer pleasure seeker wants swift action he also wants it to last a little while. One reason why the Loop the Loop never has made big money is that it is over too soon. It takes only a minute to make this very exciting trip.

You find out how strong the thrill is with the parkgoer when you learn that at Luna Park and at Dreamland exactly twenty per cent of all the people who enter the place use the "rides," as the scenic railway is known.

Now, see how these thrills turn into good dollars. Most of the trains on these railways carry sixteen people, each one paying ten cents for a ride. This means a dollar and sixty cents for a train. A train is sent out every half minute on a busy day, and this is an income of exactly three dollars and twenty cents for every minute. Many scenic railways have taken in two thousand dollars on a hot Sunday or a holiday. Although the cost of installing some of them is as high as sixty thousand dollars they have been known to pay back all the original cost and a profit the first season.

The Shoot-the-Chute is another thrill that makes almost as much as the scenic railway. It grew out of Captain Boyton's idea of sliding down a water incline on a toboggan. Most of these boats in the large parks go a mile a minute, especially when they strike the water. The boats average eight people each, and at ten cents a head this is eighty cents a trip. In some of the parks they can send a boat down every half minute, which is an income of a dollar and sixty cents a minute or ninety-six dollars an hour. One park has sent down three boats a minute.

Still another profitable thrill, more modest than the "rides" or the "chutes," is furnished by the merry-go-round. Despite all the newfangled mechanical devices to catch the nickels and the dimes this good old amusement standby holds its own and pounds out steady dividends. But it, too, has kept pace with the times. The old Flying Dutchman of your boyhood, which came with the fair or occupied a corner lot during the summer, has undergone a wonderful transformation. Back in those early days it had a double row of wooden horses securely fastened down. They looked like prancers, but they didn't move. The apparatus held thirty people and was turned by a patient blindfolded horse. A boy who got free rides for his work operated a hand organ. The whole outfit represented a cost of less than a thousand dollars. One aid to its business was a post planted alongside which held a number of iron rings and one brass ring. As the riders whirled around the outside ones grabbed at the post. He who got the brass ring got a free ride.

Of all the features of the old-time Flying Dutchman the brass ring alone survives today at Coney Island. The up-to-date merry-go-rounds are massive affairs, blazing with gilt and silver, that have four galloping horses abreast that move up and down. Instead of being driven by a horse they are operated by electricity, which also works the huge orchestrion that booms like a dozen brass bands. These merry-go-rounds carry a hundred and fifty people and some cost as much as thirty thousand dollars. Most of the big ones have taken in as much as two hundred dollars an hour—that is, twenty-four hundred dollars for the Coney Island amusement day.

The parks, however, cannot live by laughter and thrills alone. They must have novelties every year, for, as I have already said, the summer park visitor is a relentless seeker of the new. Few shows last over a season. One notable exception is Creation, which started on the Pike at the St. Louis World's Fair, and has been a steady moneymaker ever since. One reason for this is that it has a Biblical value and in its evolution from season to season it has introduced motion pictures. This is a twenty-five-cent show and it employs a company of actors. On some hot Sundays and holidays it has taken in over twenty-one hundred dollars in the day. A third of this goes to the park, for it is a concession, and in addition it must pay rent. Half of the shows in the large parks are concessions.

A Crowd in Dreamland

Even the wild-animal shows, like Bostock's and Hagenback's, must find novelties each season. Although the lions and tigers remain the same they must be taught new tricks and put through new paces. The animal shows have the biggest expenses, for they have many mouths to feed and many attendants to carry on the payrolls. They are in the main successful when they are established in chains. Thus one central menagerie can supply and train the animals for the whole line of shows.

Most of the shows in the big parks are ten-cent shows. This means that they must pack as many performances as possible into the day. On last Decoration Day one show at Dreamland gave thirty-four performances. The capacity of the theater is two hundred people. Of course it was not packed every time, but the gross receipts for the day aggregated six hundred dollars.

The Nomad Novelty

A SHOW building in one of the great parks has in its life many amusement usages. A structure in Dreamland will illustrate this. During its first season it was used for a Fish Pond, where prizes were given. The next year it housed a dog-and-monkey show. Following this was a Biblical spectacle called Pharaoh's Daughter; it was such a hit that it was repeated the next season, but business fell off two-thirds. The next succeeding season the attraction was the Human Butterfly, an illusion. This year the show is called Alias Kid Allen, which is a moving-picture show of convict life. You would have to search far for a greater variety of amusement, and this one instance shows how the park men must cater to the desire for novelty.

In looking over the novelties this summer you will find that action predominates. One of them at Luna Park, for example, is called the Pneumatic Tube. This is another mile-a-minute stunt. It simply adapts for amusement purposes, and incidentally profit, a device long used in department stores, post-offices and banks; for, instead of sending merchandise, money or papers through a pneumatic tube, this show sends a steel car containing eight people. It is projected through a semivacuum.

The latest Frederic Thompson novelty is called A Trip to Mars. The spectators are hoisted in a giant airship and are then given all the sensations of flying over the city of New York and off into space.

Some of the most profitable summer shows are results of accident or of suggestion. One day George Tilyou heard a noise in his pantry. He found, on investigation, that it was being made by a mouse that had fallen into a china bowl. He watched the little creature try to get out. On a

(Continued on Page 27)

THE COMPETITIVE NEPHEW

A Story of Business, Nepotism, Asthma and Even Love

"You Heard What Sam Says, Aaron, and Me, I Stick to it Also"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I

"THAT'S the way it goes," Sam Zaretsky cried bitterly. "You raise a couple of young fellers up in your business, Max, and so soon they know all you could teach 'em they turn around and go to work and do you every time."

Max Fatkin nodded.

"I told it you when we started in as new beginners, Sam, you should got a lady bookkeeper," he said. "The worst they could do is to get married on you, and all you are out is a couple dollars cut-glass for an engagement present and half a dozen dessert spoons for the wedding. But so soon as you hire a man for a bookkeeper, Sam, he gets a line on your customers, and the first thing you know he goes as partners together with your designer, and what could you do? Ain't it?"

"Louis Sen was a good bookkeeper, Max," Sam rejoined.

"Sure, I know," Max agreed, "and Hillel Greenberg was a good designer. That sucker is such a good designer, Sam, he will take away all our trade."

"Not all our trade, Max," Sam declared. "*Gott sei dank*, we got a few good customers what them suckers couldn't steal off of us. We got, anyhow, Aaron Pinsky. I seen Aaron on the subway this morning, and he says he would be in to see us this afternoon yet."

"That's nothing new, Sam. That feller comes in here whenever he's downtown. I guess some of our customers think he's a partner here."

"Let 'em think so, Max, it don't do us no harm that people should think we got it a rich man like Pinsky for a partner."

"Sure, I know," Fatkin rejoined. "But the feller takes liberties around here, Sam. He tells us what we should do and what we shouldn't do. If it wouldn't be that Pinsky was all the time cracking up Louis Sen I would of fired him *schon* long since already. Louis was always too independent, anyhow, and if we would of got rid of him a year ago, Sam, he wouldn't have gone as partners together with Hillel Greenberg, and we wouldn't now be bucking up against a couple of dangerous competitors."

"That's all right, Max. As I told you before, Aaron Pinsky is a good customer of ours, and if a good customer butts into your business he is only taking an interest in you; whereas if a feller which only buys from you goods occasionally, y'understand, butts in, then he's acting fresh and you could tell him so."

"But Pinsky butts into our business so much, Sam, that if he was the best customer a concern ever had, Sam, he would be fresh anyhow. The feller actually tells me yesterday he is going to bring us a new bookkeeper."

"A new bookkeeper!" Zaretsky exclaimed. "Why, we already got it a new bookkeeper, Max. I thought we hired it Miss Meyerson what used to be with Klinger & Klein. She's coming to work here Monday. Ain't it?"

"Sure, she is," Fatkin replied.

"Well, why didn't you tell him so?"

Fatkin shrugged.

"You tell him," he said. "I didn't got the nerve, Sam, because you know as well as I do, Sam, if I would turn him down and he gets mad, Sam, the first thing you know we are out a good customer and Greenberg & Sen would get him sure."

"Well, we got to go about this with a little diploomasher, y'understand."

"Diploomasher?" Max repeated. "What is that—diploomasher?"

"Diploomasher, that's French what you would say that a feller should watch out when you are dealing with a grouchy proposition like Aaron Pinsky."

"French, hey?" Max commented. "Well, I ain't no Frencher, Sam, and neither is Aaron Pinsky. And, furthermore, Sam, you couldn't be high-toned with an old-fashioned feller like Aaron Pinsky. Lately I don't know what come over you at all. You use such big words, like a lawyer or a doctor."

Sam was working his cigar around his mouth to assist the cerebration of a particularly cutting rejoinder, when the elevator door opened and Pinsky himself alighted.

"Hallo, boys," he said, "ain't this rotten weather we are having? December is always either one thing or the other, but it is never both."

"You shouldn't ought to go out in weather like this," Max said. "To a feller which got it a cough like you, Aaron, it is positively dangerous, such a damp mees-erable weather which we are having it."

Aaron nodded and smiled at this subtle form of flattery. He possessed the worst asthmatic cough in the cloak-and-suit trade, and while he suffered acutely at times he could not conceal a sense of pride in its ownership. It sounded like a combination of a patent automobile alarm and the shaking of dried peas in an inflated bladder, and when it seized Aaron in public conveyances old ladies nearly fainted and doctors, clergymen and undertakers evinced a professional interest, for it seemed impossible that any human being could survive some of Aaron's paroxysms. Not only did he withstand them, however, but he appeared positively to thrive upon them, and albeit he was close on to fifty he might well have passed for thirty-five.

"I stood a whole lot of Decembers already," he said, "and I guess I wouldn't die just yet a while."

As if to demonstrate his endurance he emitted a loud whoop and started off on a fit of wheezing that bulged every vein in his forehead and left him shaken and exhausted in the chair that Max had vacated.

"Yes, boys," he gasped, "the only thing which seems to ease it is smoking. Now, you wouldn't believe that, would you?"

Max evidenced his faith by producing a large black cigar and handing it to Pinsky.

"Why don't you try another doctor, Aaron?" Sam Zaretsky asked. Pinsky raised his right hand with the palm outward and flipped his fingers.

"I've went to every professor in this country and the old country," he declared, "and they couldn't do a thing for me, y'understand. They say as I grow older, so I would get better, and certainly they are right. This is nothing what I got it now. You ought to of heard me when I was a young feller. Positively, Max, I got kicked out of four boarding-houses on account the people complained so. One feller wanted to make me arrested already, such hearts people got it."

Max Fatkin nodded sympathetically, and thus encouraged Aaron continued his reminiscences.

"Yes, boys," he said, "in them days I worked by old man Baum on Catherine Street. Six dollars a week and P. M.'s I made it, but even back in 1880 P. M.'s was nix. The one-price system was coming in along about that time, and if oncet in a while you could soak an Italiener six twenty-five for a five-dollar overcoat you was lucky if you could get fifty cents out of old man Baum. Nowadays is different already. Instead of young fellers learning business by business men like old man Baum, they go to business colleges yet, and certainly I don't say it ain't just as good."

Sam Zaretsky exchanged significant glances with his partner, Max Fatkin, and they both puffed hard on their cigars.

"You take my nephew, Fillup, for instance," Aaron went on. "There's a boy of sixteen which just graduated from business college, and the boy writes such a hand which you wouldn't believe at all. He gets a silver medal from the college for making a bird with a pen—something remarkable. The eyes is all little dollar marks. I took it down to Shenkman's picture store and seventy-five cents that sucker charges me for framing it."

"That's nothing, Aaron," Sam Zaretsky broke in, with a diplomatic attempt at a conversational diversion. "That's nothing at all. I could tell you myself an experience which I got with Shenkman. My wife's mother sends her a picture from the old country yet ——"

"Not that I am kicking at all," Aaron interrupted, "because it was worth it. I assure you, Sam, I don't begrudge seventy-five cents for that boy, because the boy is a good boy, y'understand. The boy is a natural-born bookkeeper. Single entry and double entry, he could do it like nothing, and neat—that boy is neat like a pin."

"Huh, huh!" Max grunted.

"Yes," Aaron added, "you didn't make no mistake when you got me to bring you Fillup for a bookkeeper."

"Yes, Sam," He Continued, "I Got a Two-and-a-Half Carat Blue-White Solitaire Diamond Ring to Buy"

It was at this point that Max threw diplomacy to the winds.

"Got you to bring us a bookkeeper!" he exclaimed. "Why, Aaron, I ain't said a word about getting us this here—now—Fillup for a bookkeeper. We already hired it a bookkeeper."

"What?" Aaron cried. "Do you mean to say you got the nerve to sit there and tell me you ain't asked me I should bring you a bookkeeper?"

"Why, Aaron," Sam interrupted with a withering glance at his partner. "I ain't saying nothing one way or the other, y'understand, but I don't think Max could of asked you because, only this morning, Aaron, Max and me was talking about this here, now—what's-his-name—and we was saying that nowadays what future was there for a young feller as a bookkeeper? Ain't it? I says to Max distinctively: 'If Aaron would bring us his nephew we would give him a job on stock. Then the first thing you know the boy gets to be a salesman and could make his five thousand dollars a year.' But what could a bookkeeper expect to be? Ain't it? At the most he makes thirty dollars a week and there he sticks."

"Is that so?" Aaron retorted ironically. "Well, look at Louis Sen. I suppose Louis sticks at thirty a week, hey?"

"Louis Sen is something else again," Sam replied. "Louis Sen is a crook, Aaron, not a bookkeeper. That feller comes into our place two years ago and he ain't got five cents in his clothes, and we thought we was doing him a charity when we hired him. It reminds you of the feller which picks up a frozen snake and puts it in his pants pocket to get warm, and the first thing you know, Aaron, the snake wakes up and bites the feller in the leg. Well, that's the way it was with Louis Sen. Gratitude is something which the feller don't understand at all. But you take this here nephew of yours, and he comes from decent, respectable people, y'understand. There's a young feller, Aaron, what we could trust, Aaron, and so when he comes to work by us on stock, Aaron, we give him a show he should learn all about the business, and you take it from me, Aaron, if the boy ain't going out on the road to sell goods for us in less than two years he ain't as smart as his uncle is, and that's all I can say."

Aaron smiled and Sam looked triumphantly at his partner.

"All right, Sam," Aaron commented, "I see you got the boy's interest at heart. So I would bring the boy down here on Monday morning. And now, Max, let's get to work on them misses Norfolk suits. I want eight of them blue serges."

II

THERE was something about Miss Miriam Meyerson that suggested many things besides ledgers and trial balances, and she would have been more "in the picture" had she been standing in front of a kitchen table with her sleeves tucked up and a rolling-pin grasped firmly in her large, plump hands.

"I don't know, Sam," Max Fatkin remarked on Monday. "That girl don't look to me an awful lot like business. Mind you, I ain't kicking that she looks too fresh, y'understand, because she reminds me a good deal of my poor mother, *selig*."

"Ain't that the funniest thing?" Sam Zaretsky broke in. "I was just thinking to myself she is a dead ringer for my sister Fannie. You know my sister, Mrs. Brody?"

"I bet yer," Max Fatkin said fervently. "That's one fine lady, Mrs. Brody. Me and my Esther had dinner there last Sunday. And, while I got to admit my Esther is a good cook, y'understand, Mrs. Brody—that's a good cook, Sam. We had some *fleisch kugel* there, Sam, I could assure you, better as Delmonico's—the Waldorf, too."

Sam nodded.

"If she is as good a bookkeeper as Fannie is a cook, Max," he replied, "I am satisfied. Sol Klinger says that she is A Number One. Always prompt to the minute and a hard worker."

"Well, why did he fire her, Sam?" Max asked.

"He didn't fire her. She got a sister living in Bridgetown married to Harris Schevrien, and Miss Meyerson goes up there last spring right in the busy time. Of course Klinger & Klein has got to let her go because under the circumstances, Max, she is the only sister Mrs. Schevrien got, y'understand. Then when the baby is two weeks old it gets sick, y'understand, and Miss Meyerson writes 'em not to expect her back before August. Naturally they got to fill her place, but Sol Klinger tells me she is a dandy, Max, and we should be lucky we got her."

"Well, certainly she don't seem to be loafing none," Max commented, with a glance toward the office where Miss Meyerson was making out the monthly statements. "So far what I could see she is working twicet as fast as Louis Sen, and we ain't paying her only fifteen dollars."

"Sure, I know," Sam said, "but you got to consider it we would also got to pay Fillup Pinsky five dollars a week, so we ain't in much on that."

"Why ain't we, Sam? I bet yer we would get our money's worth out of Fillup. That boy ain't going to fool away his time here, Sam, and don't you forget it."

The corners of his mouth tightened in a manner that boded ill for Philip, and his face had not resumed its normal amiability when Aaron Pinsky entered, with his nephew Philip in tow.

"Hallo, boys," he said. "This is the young man I was talking to you about. Fillup, shake hands with Mr. Zaretsky and Mr. Fatkin."

After this operation was concluded Mr. Pinsky indulged in a fit of coughing that almost broke the carbon filaments in the electric light bulbs.

"Take This Right Now," She Commanded

"Fillup," he gasped, as he wiped his crimson face, "make for them a couple birds with a pen."

"That's all right," Max interrupted, "we take your word for it. Birds is nix here, Aaron. We ain't in the millinery business, we are in the cloak-and-suit business, and instead Fillup should be making birds yet, he shouldn't lose no time but Sam will show him our stock. Right away we will learn him the line."

"Business ahead of pleasure, Aaron," Sam broke in hurriedly, with a significant frown at his partner. "The boy will got lots of time to make birds in the dull season. Just now we are rushed to death, Aaron. Come, Fillup, I'll show you where you should put your hat and coat."

Max forced an amiable smile as he handed Aaron Pinsky a cigar.

"I congratulate you, Aaron," he said. "You got a smart boy for a nephew, and I bet yer he would learn quick the business. For a start we will pay him three dollars a week."

Aaron stared indignantly and almost snatched the proffered cigar from Max's hand.

"Three dollars a week!" he exclaimed. "What do you take the boy for—a greenhorn? Positively you should pay the boy five dollars, otherwise he would put on his clothes and go right straight home."

"But, Aaron," Max protested, "I *ever* got three dollars a week when I started in as a new beginner. I was glad they should pay me two dollars a week so long as I learned it the business."

"I suppose you went to business college, too, Max. What? I bet yer when you first went to work you got to think hard before you could sign your name even."

Max shrugged his shoulders.

"Birds, I couldn't make it, Aaron," he admitted; "but the second week I was out of Castle Garden my mother, *selig*, sends me to night school, and they don't learn you birds in night school, Aaron. But, anyhow, Aaron, what's the use we should quarrel about it? If you want we should pay the boy five dollars a week—all right. I'm sure if he's worth three he's worth five. Ain't it? And what's more, Aaron, if the boy shows he takes an interest we would give him soon a raise of a couple of dollars. We ain't small."

"I know you ain't, Max," said Aaron, "otherwise I wouldn't bring the boy here at all."

He looked proudly toward the rear of the showroom where Philip was examining the ticketed garments under the supervision of Sam Zaretsky.

"The boy already takes an interest, Max," he said; "I bet yer he would know your style numbers by tonight already."

For half an hour longer Sam Zaretsky explained the sample line to Philip, and at length he handed the boy a feather duster and returned to the front of the showroom.

"The boy is all right, Aaron," he said. "A good smart boy, Max, and he ain't afraid to open his mouth, neither."

"I bet yer he ain't," Aaron replied, as Philip approached with a sample garment in one hand and the feather duster in the other.

"Look, Mr. Zaretsky," he said, "here's one of your style twenty-twenty-two with a thirty-twenty-two ticket on to it."

Sam examined the garment and stared at his partner.

"The boy is right, Max," he said. "We got the wrong ticket on that garment."

For one brief moment Aaron glanced affectionately at his nephew, and then he voiced his pride and admiration in a paroxysm of coughing that made Miss Meyerson throw down her pen and come running from the office.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Couldn't I do something?"

For almost five minutes Aaron rocked and wheezed in his chair. At length, when he seemed to be at the point of suffocation, Miss Meyerson slapped him on the back and with a final gasp he recovered his breath.

"Thanks, much obliged," he said, as he wiped his streaming eyes.

"You're sure you don't want a doctor?" Miss Meyerson said.

"Me? A doctor?" he replied. "What for?"

He picked up his cigar from the floor and struck a match. "This is all the doctor I need," he said.

Miss Meyerson returned to the office.

"Who's that?" Aaron inquired, nodding his head in the direction of Miss Meyerson.

"That's our new bookkeeper which we got it," Max replied.

"So you hired it a lady bookkeeper," Aaron commented. "What did you done that for, Max?"

"Well, why not?" Max retorted. "We got with her first-class, A Number One references, Aaron, and although she only come this morning she is working so smooth like she was with us six months already. For my part it is all the same to me if we would have a lady bookkeeper or a bookkeeper."

"I know," Aaron continued, "but ladies in business is like salt in the cawfee. Salt is all right and cawfee also, but you don't got to hate salt exactly, y'understand, to kick when it gets in the cawfee. That's the way with me, Max; I ain't no lady-hater, y'understand, but I don't like 'em in business, except for saleswomen, models and buyers, y'understand."

"But that Miss Meyerson," Sam broke in, "she attends strictly to business, Aaron."

"Sure, I know, Sam," Aaron replied. "Slaps me on the back yet when I am coughing."

"Well, she meant it good, Aaron," Sam said.

"Sure, that's all right," Aaron agreed. "Sure, she meant it good. But it's the *idee* of the thing, y'understand. Women in business always means good, Max, but they butt in too much."

"Other people butts in, too," Max added.

"I don't say they don't, Max. But you take it me, for instance. When something happens which it makes me feel bad, Max, I got to swear, y'understand. I couldn't help it. And, certainly, while I don't say that swearing is something which a gentleman should do, especially when there's a lady, y'understand, still swearing a little sometimes is good for the *persund*. Instead a feller should make another feller a couple blue eyes, Max, let him swear. It don't harm nobody, and certainly nobody could sue you in the courts because you swear at him like he could if you would make for him a couple blue eyes. But you take it when there is ladies, Max, and then you couldn't swear."

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THE FARMER'S FACTORY

Manufacturing Goods From the Soil—By Forrest Crissey

TRUCK farming in the subirrigated sections of Florida is simply manufacturing from the soil. The farmer's factory is his acreage; into this he puts certain raw materials, plus his labor and his skill. Abundant production is almost a certainty, depending in volume, of course, upon the skill and judgment with which he handles his plant and his materials. Nature's generous gift to his undertaking is a soil of marvelous mechanical perfection—of exquisite adaptability to its purpose—and a supply of sunshine practically unfailing.

Add to this a clay hard-pan, some three feet below the surface, which holds the sandy loam and whatever may be put into it as a photographer's shallow tray holds its wonder-working developing solution. There is only one more detail to complete the picture of this open-air factory for the wholesale manufacture of celery, head-lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, snap-beans and other wholesome and delicious table delicacies: and that is the presence, not far below the hard-pan, of a strong artesian pressure of fresh water, waiting to be tapped.

There is, however, one serious drawback to this alluring situation: in these days of keen competition few manufacturing enterprises are able to succeed without being backed by a high order of business talent and a good grounding of technical skill and experience. Here, in a word, is the main hitch in the way of an almost universal success in the intensive manufacture of early vegetables and fresh table delicacies for the well-to-do folks of the North, who are willing to pay for good garden things "out of season." Those whose business talents are comparatively untried and who have no technical knowledge of truck growing enter the lists, and find that manufacturing from the soil is about as stiff a game as any other kind of manufacturing, and requires special qualifications.

An Underground Irrigation System

IT IS a game of big stakes—for the equipment of the plant and the raw materials come high—and only those who hold a strong hand may safely play it. Surely it is no sugared kindergarten "gift" for those who have been unable to hold their own in the struggle of metropolitan life and are looking for "a soft snap" to spring full-fruited from the soil to their rescue. Farming on the truckfields of Florida is not a beneficent pastime; it is a modern, up-to-date business, that calls for the best there is in a keen, alert and progressive man who is big and able enough to win a few of life's prizes in almost any line of effort. Above all, it is not an ancient calling which may be blindly followed with fair success along the line of outgrown tradition and inherited rules simply because the world must eat and because the soil will produce, no matter how loosely and wastefully cultivated. In the methods and the results of every successful truckfield in Florida there is an intense emphasis on the fact that this kind of farming is a business "from the ground up," the evolution of which is a most fascinating industrial story.

A Hammock Would Discourage a Cornfield Rabbit

During the season of 1910 more than one thousand cars of celery were shipped from Sanford alone. Thirteen years ago the telegraph operator at Sanford had never seen a stalk of celery; today he is one of the largest and most successful growers of celery in Florida, and his farm is pointed out to visitors from the North as a model truck factory and is said to contain the most productive out-of-doors acre in America.

Now for the story. Back in 1897 a settler who cultivated a small clearing on the outskirts of Sanford drove his one-mule wagon to the depot platform and unloaded two barrels. Their staves were hacked with ventilation holes from which a strange, appetizing smell escaped.

"What's this? Been raising something new, Mr. Terwillager?" inquired Henry Chappell, the young telegraph operator, who was also cashier, train dispatcher, freight agent, express agent and baggageman.

"Yes," was the quiet answer. "The Government at Washington sent me a package of celery seed and I tried it out. You see, I used to raise truck up in New Jersey. Celery will do well down here if it's handled right."

"I've read about celery," responded the operator as he continued to sniff at the ventilating holes in the barrel, "but I never saw any before. Would you be willing to let me see your account-of-sales when you hear from that New York house to which you're shipping the celery? Somehow, I'm interested in the stuff. How do you grow it?"

"Come out to my place next Sunday and see," responded the truck grower. Then, with a significant smile, he added, "Perhaps I'll show you something new."

The next Sabbath young Chappell flipped from the tail of a train, landed obliquely upon the Terwillager clearing and began a searching inspection of the little truck patch. That evening, at supper, he gave his wife a glowing account of what he had seen.

"Henry," she interrupted, "you sure are taken with this truck business. It's been several years since I've seen the same fire in your eyes that I can see there right now."

The "new thing" that he had been shown at the truck patch was a strange underground irrigation system, fed from a flowing artesian well. The water was carried in crude wooden conduits formed by nailing short fence-boards together in the shape of a triangular pipe or an inverted trough—the sections being laid roughly, end to end, about eighteen inches below the surface, and the joints being covered with cinders so as to allow the water to ooze up and out without permitting the sand to seep in. This rough device was the forerunner of the famous subirrigation system of Florida that has reached its perfection at Sanford, and that one of the foremost agricultural engineers of the world has pronounced the most remarkable and perfect in America. Today every truckfarm at Sanford, and in the entire celery delta, is operated on the principle first used by Mr. Terwillager. The methods of its application have, however, been greatly improved.

The Operator Turns Truck Farmer

WHEN the veteran truck grower showed young Chappell a check for twenty-two dollars in return for the two barrels of celery the telegraph operator's interest in trucking was materially quickened, and he spent Sunday after Sunday on the patch studying the situation at first hand and absorbing all the information possible from the man who had spent years in vegetable culture in New Jersey. As the telegraph operator's boyhood and youth had been spent on a fine old plantation of the antebellum type, in South Carolina, general farming was no new thing to him. Besides, his farming blood had been ripened through several generations of successful planters. In a word, he had within himself the seasoned "makings" of a "natural-born farmer," and only the right turn of the wheel of Fate was needed to bring this latent capacity into action.

With characteristic caution he still hung to his job at the telegraph key and did not allow his new-born enthusiasm for celery culture to run away with him. But, after carefully satisfying himself as to the kind of land best adapted to trucking, he began looking about for an acreage that could be picked up at a price—and this meant a low price, for he had

During the Season of 1910 More Than One Thousand Cars of Celery Were Shipped From Sanford Alone

nothing beyond his salary of seventy-five dollars a month. However, as the orange groves in that section had been destroyed in the Big Freeze—in Florida they always spell it with capitals—he had no difficulty about the price, so long as he would accept proprietorship of the land.

In February, 1899, he put his savings and a small amount of borrowed money into two hundred and six acres of wild "hammock" land just outside of Sanford. No; it was not all wild land—just one acre of it had been cleared! This small exception proved to be a most important one for the young telegrapher. He paid a dollar and a quarter an acre for the land. After he had bought it he still stuck to his job at the railway station.

"Time enough," he told himself, "to try the trucking game after some big railroad system has absorbed this little one-horse line and I get pinched out of a job. Meanwhile I'll save all the money I can and get everything good and ready."

The absorption and the pinch came about two months later and he thought he was ready to "move out into the woods." Just then, however, he was offered a position as Government telegrapher. He accepted it and was sent to Cuba, where he made the most of his opportunities to learn something about growing things in a tropical climate. In September of that year he returned to Sanford and began his long-delayed attack upon the soil, first building himself a three-room cabin on the edge of the "hammock."

That fall he made persistent attempts to borrow two hundred dollars on his entire two hundred and six acres, but no one would lend him that amount, or any amount, on his wild-land security. By the next spring, however, things had taken a fresh start in Sanford, and he was fortunate enough to sell five acres of his land at eighty dollars an acre and twenty at thirty dollars, thus providing himself with a working capital of one thousand dollars. Without this providential stroke of business he would have been practically at a standstill in putting his land, or even a small part of it, into working shape.

Mr. Chappell Set Himself to the Task of Subjugating This Jungle
A Typical Piece of Florida Hammock

America's Most Productive Acre

TO GIVE a Northern man, who has not attempted to make his way through a typical piece of "Florida hammock," an adequate idea of the dense tropical growth covered by that innocent term is a task for the composite labors of a poet, a timber expert and a stage-driver of traditional vocabulary. It is a jungle of close-crowding trees knitted together with an undergrowth of vines, trailers and snakelike surface roots that would discourage a cornfield rabbit and make a Yankee fox take to the open.

However, the young enthusiast set himself bravely to the task of subjugating this jungle. Even though his colored labor then cost him only seventy-five cents a day in rare instances a dollar—the total expense of clearing an acre of hammock was two hundred and fifty dollars, not counting his own time spent in the supervision of the work.

He had one acre cleared and ready for cropping when he went to his holdings. This acre not only was his immediate salvation but has become, at least in the estimation of his neighbors, the "most productive acre out-of-doors" in America. A portion of it, fifty by one hundred and fifty feet, was dedicated to his experiment in celery growing. From it he cut one hundred and twenty-six crates, which brought him two hundred and seven dollars. This modest operation opened the celery delta of Sanford to the produce world.

In less than eight weeks after he moved to the woods young Chappell was peddling radishes, turnips and other green stuff in the streets of Sanford—this initial harvest being taken from the half-acre that also did service as his celery-seed bed. All of his running expenses were paid by this half-acre.

In the second year of his operations he raised a crop of lettuce on half of the old cleared acre, which netted him four hundred dollars—the other half-acre again being used as a nursery for young plants. His lettuce crop was followed with celery, which produced eight hundred crates to the acre and brought him a dollar and a quarter a crate at the Sanford station, or one thousand dollars. To produce that celery cost him fifty cents a crate. His "original acre," therefore, gave him fourteen hundred dollars.

There was one thing, he speedily discovered, that was as perpetual as Florida sunshine—the demand for improvement expenditures. Not only were there more things to be done than he had expected but these things nearly all cost more than he had figured on—with the result that he was often hard pushed for money with which to meet small bills. At these moments of peculiar pressure recollections of the regularity of the old-time pay envelope became not only alluring but painful.

One evening when he was sitting in the doorway of his cabin one of the railroad men brought the news that he could have his old job again if he cared to take it.

Instantly his wife asked:

"Henry, how much money have you?"

"Fifteen cents—all I have in the world!"

"Then we stay in the woods!" she quickly responded. "Things are going to be better after a while."

The Trials of Truck Raising

THEY were better, soon—decidedly better. His next crop included three acres in celery. The yield was two thousand and sixty-five crates, which sold for sixty-one hundred and twenty-two dollars. Seven acres of new land in cabbages, tomatoes and lettuce brought him thirteen hundred dollars. The hay raised on this land after the crops was worth fifty dollars an acre.

"I came," dryly remarked Mr. Chappell, "from a cotton country where a bale to the acre is a big yield. Two acres of my celery that year sold for enough to buy one hundred bales of cotton!" In sharp contrast to this sensational showing is Mr. Chappell's statement that the cropping of seventy-five acres during the season just closed has not yielded him a cent of profit. At this writing complete returns are not in, but he will be gratified to find that he does not have to stand a substantial loss. Truck raising is not all cakes and wine, even under the hand of a skilled and resourceful farmer.

At a certain period of his early experience Mr. Chappell became anxious to increase his working acreage. To this end he borrowed a thousand dollars from a friend in New York. That was in the fall; the following spring from three-fourths of an acre of new ground he sold celery to the amount of nineteen hundred and eighty-six dollars at the Sanford station. In other words a single crop from this three-fourths of an acre paid his loan of one thousand dollars and left him nine hundred dollars as profit after paying expenses.

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Setting Out an Asparagus Field—A Wider Diversity in Truck Crops
Will be the Key to Success in the Future

Roadway Showing the "Control Boxes" of the Subirrigation System—Every
Spring This Roadway is Set Out to Celery

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

A Cynic Sage and a Ribald Rhymester See Some Summer Resorts

ATLANTIC CITY

I

'Twas the Pennsylvania Station,
Somewhat early in Vacation,
Where I spied the sage Diogenes in classic garments queer
Gazing on the Tourists flowing
To Wherever they were Going;
And beneath his Shavian whiskers rose a sore and cynic sneer.

Quoth the skeptical old dub, sir,
"I've been living in a tub, sir;
Do I hike around in summer and complain about the heat?
Fudge on all this fuss and fury!
Show your Uncle from Missouri—
No, that Crowd ain't run by Logic, it's just following its Feet."

Well, I hied me to the wickets,
Where I bought a pair of tickets,
Then I summoned old Diogenes. "Come on, O Grouch!" says I
"You will change your doleful ditty
When we see Atlantic City."
So we went upon our Journey for to ask the Reason Why.

II

Well, at the City the gods call "Atlantic,'
I and the Sage, on our mission romantic,
Soon settled down
To seeing the town.
Though I was rigged in the plainest of brown,
Poor old Diogenes! my, he looked drunken—
Dressed in a tablecloth, wrapped a la Duncan,
Swinging a lantern and—added to that—
Wearing, for fashion, a Panama hat!

Down the Boardwalk moved the throng that is endless
Nobodies, Somebodies, popular, friendless,
Old people, young people, limber and bendless;
Billous old Neros,
Varsity heroes,
Bankers with credits to seventeen zeros;
Maggies and magnates and magpies and rooks,
Actors, evangelists,
Blooming Los Angelists,
Jockeys and poets (both makers of books),
Shop-ladies, mop-ladies, ultra tiptop ladies,
Schoolma'ams and grandams and overdressed fop-ladies,
Senators, creditors, janitors, editors—
All for an airing,
Strolling and staring,
Soft roller-chairing and Vanity Fairing
Seventeen Chorus Girls passed arm-in-arming.
Seventeen Freshmen with hatbands alarming
Gazed on these brollers
Like beauty-despoilers,
Straightened their neckties and tried to look charming.

III

Down by the rail
Looking over the sea,
In a Sal-omy veil
Hanging down to the knee,
In an "aeroplane dress'
And a "chanticleer drop"
To her turban, atop
Of the "hairdresser's mop"
On her gilt-tinted tress,
With violet socks
And pumps of Nile green,
With diamond necklace
And air the most reckless
That ever was seen—
This Feminine Jar
We observed from afar,
And knew her at once. It was Lottie del Mar,
The wonderful musical-comedy star.
Her feathers were spotty,
Her dress polka-dotty:
In fact, there was not a dull color on Lottie.

"Pardon, my dear, but why came you here?"
Cynic Diogenes asked with a sneer
"Gee!" answered Lottie. "Why, Pop, can't you see
I'm doing the Walk just to advertise Me?
It's a mile of Oh My!
When they see me float by
With skirt like a symphony, waist like a ballad,
Veil like a poem and hat like a salad.
They whisper, 'A hit!
Watch that fit—sure she's It!
She's the Queen of the Screams,
She's the Peach of the Creams,
She's the Fairy Enchantress of Welsh-Rabbit Dreams."
I open next Monday in Pittsburgh, and say!
It'll take the militia to keep them away
If you judge by the jolt that I've gave 'em today."

Diogenes answered, to Lottie's confusion,
"I'm sorry to shatter your pretty delusion;
Though, candidly speaking,
Your clothing is shrieking,
Vain is the Big Advertisement you're seeking:
For, moving along
In the thick of the throng,
Are hundreds of Headliners dressed just as loud;
And your costume, though 'quaint'
And gaudy as paint,
Is One against Many—you're lost in the crowd."

So saying, Diogenes, stern as a tanner,
Dragged me away in his truculent manner.

IV

Parody of a Patient Promenader, as sung by an Unemployed Sand Artist to the Kiplingesque accompaniment of a tuneless hurdy-gurdy on the Amusement Pier

"Hello, hello! There's Johnnie Drew!"
Says Agnes on parade
"I knew he'd come, I knew he'd come,
The colored porter said
"There's Anna Held; there's Anna Held!"
Says Agnes on parade.
"There's plenty more and plenty more!"
The colored porter said

"And they're hanging round the Shelburne, where the Actor-people lunch;
For the Boardwalk's an extension off o' Broadway, says the Bunch—
From Forbes-Robertson to 'Consul,' it's a pretty certain hunch
They'll be hanging round the Shelburne in the morning."

(Verses ad lib., with new theatrical names to suit

V

Up from the beaches
Come burbles and screeches,
Tremolo shrieks,
Allissimo squeaks,
Masculine haws,
Parental guffaws,
Barytone bellows and tootings and hootings,
And lovely staccatos like Fairyland flutings:
In fact, all the noise you expect when the Pouches,
Both the fat and the slim and the blooming and trim,
Are doing their best not to learn how to swim

Overfed Bacchuses, sunburnt Apollos
Stand in the rack of the surf's dreadful hollows
Teaching sweet Femina, simper mutabilis,
First aid to drowning—ecstatic the babble is:
"Hold up your chin, Tessie!
"Elbows close in, Jessie!"
"Paddle your hands so they go like a fin, Bessie!"
Damp supplications, not lacking in stringency,
Splutter and spout from the Female Contingency
"Mercy, I'm sinking!" "George, hold me tighter!"
"Don't let me drown again!"
"Frank!"—gasp—"I'm down again!"
Frank answers frankly, "I see!" rather dankly,
Knowing, weak male! that his efforts to right 'er
Would wear out the strength of an anthracite lighter.

Out by the life-boat the seabreasting Circes
Shake their fair curls to old Neptune, his mercies,
Braving the squalls
With Australian crawls,
Racing and beating the Willies and Percies.
"Jove!" says a Beach Bird, "if ever there were maids
Fatal to Man, it's those Nachel-Born Mermaids!"

But look! what's that flash
In the sunshine? Oh, Splash!
It's the Fat Girl just dove with her usual crash.

Perched on a raft, frankly ennui'd and cool,
Crusted with medals sits Dannie O'Toole,
Life-saving hero who's saved, so they say,
Forty-nine spinsters in less than a day.
"Dooty is Dooty," says Dan with a grin
"Who's there but me when the spinsters fall in?
Half o' them College Boys standin' around
Is willin' to see that the Beauties ain't drowned,
But when Homeliness drops in the sea with a yelp
She's got to depend on Professional Help."

VI

Intermezzo, to be performed on a steam piano to the tune of If Any One Thinks of Father, It's Got to be Poor Pa.)

Mabel's on the Boardwalk watching summer sports,
Father's in the Sun-Room reading stock reports,
Mother's entertaining friends in a rolling-chair,
Mabel's got a brand-new beau; but Father doesn't care.

Father's telegraphing back to Russell, Grub & Co.,
"Buy Q. T., advance N. G., sell X, let O. K. go."
Mother's started in to brag—but Mabel, artless sprite,
Has got her Beau so giddy that he can't tell left from right.

Father's own stenographer is sitting by his chair
Taking reams of shorthand with a strict commercial air.
Cupid on the Boardwalk is playing hide-and-seek,
While Mabel's operating the Flirtation of the Week.

Mother's talking loftily and waving her lorgnettes,
Flushed with all the confidence a newfound friend begets,
"Mabel loves Bar Harbor; yet I think that Pa knows best,
He just insists on coming here to get a Perfect Rest."

VII

Alone in a crowded Amusement Cafe,
On a little side street
Just off the main beat,
We found a Fat Fellow aswigging away.
His nose it was hectic,
His jowls apoplectic,
The liquor he drank was distinctly Martini.
The orchestra played
While a vocalist brayed
A popular ditty involving one Sweeney.
The air it was sickly
Where smoke wreaths lay thickly
O'er half-finished highballs, undoubtedly "pickly."
The place was so stuffy
One scarcely could wheeze—
One longed for a puffy,
Good lungful of breeze.
But the gloomy Fat Fellow, without once renigging,
Sat doggedly, ploddingly swigging and swigging

Diogenes stood by the Fat Fellow's chair,
Assuming a half-ministerial air,
Remarking, "Young man, please don't count me a bore;
But why in the deuce do you come to the shore?"
The Fat One replied, "My physician
Discovered my heart's to the bad,
My stomach's not doing its mission,
My lungs are a little bit sad.
Hard work and a habit of dining
Have lengthened the girth of my vest:
In my office the hours are confining,
So my doctor has ordered a rest—
A rest from excitement and riot,
A rest from confusion and care
In Nature's surroundings of quiet;
So here I sit—taking the air."

VIII

On the Long Pier where the merry-go-rounders
Spill the lush peanut on dolphins and flounders,
A mighty crowd gathers, the biggest one yet,
To watch the Lone Fisherman pull in his net.
It's a property job
Which the Managers pay for:
But it "goes" with the mob,
And it's half what they stay for.
There's an "Oh!" and an "Ah!"
And a "Look at him, Ma!"
And a "Slush!" and a "Hush!" and a "Well!" and a "Pshaw!"
As with pulling and lugging
And desperate tugging
The long yards of netting from ocean-beds creep
And the brown-tinted seine is drawn up from the deep.

There's a moment of breathless intensity,
There's a hush that is louder than sound—
What Monster from Ocean's immensity
Have the toils of the Fisherman found?
What mythical seaserpent, hammerhead shark,
Thousand-eyed squid from the watery dark
Does yon net now inclose in its strangling embrace?
See, the throng
Gathers round,
While a long
And profound
Silence falls.
It appalls:
They grow pale in the face.
They breathe! the Great Catch on the surface appears
And is greeted, of course, with a volley of cheers
And the treasures of Ocean they draw on the Pier
Consist of the list which I tabulate here:

A Crab and a Seaweed, a Weak-Fish, a Clam
And a mystical jar labeled "Raspberry Jam."

IX

Night comes. We have wined, we have dined, and the Moon
Floats from the East like a golden balloon,
And the Boardwalk lights up with a glare so alert
That the stars pale and fade like a calico shirt.
Now the loud hawkers
Rally the gawkers,
Popcorn and picture-shows lure the Boardwalkers.
Deep in their booths yell the Moslem fanatics,
"Oryeental rogs!" while the sweet Asiatics,
Sly Japanese,
And soft Cingalese,
Dark with iniquities,
Auction Antiquities,
Grand Rapids vases with Orient scenery,
"Old hand-embroideries," made by machinery.
Pop-Pop! the Target Fiend shoots till he's daffy.
Some one is caroling "Saltwater taffy!"
Charmed by the notes of the Pier hurdy-gurdy,
Closer and closer walk Ferdie and Birdie

. . . . . .

Into the Moon, hanging low o'er the ridge,
See! the Boardwalk seems to stretch like a bridge
Over whose span the procession unceasing
Flies like the lambs on the day of the fleecing,
Actors and editors, bankers and creditors,
Club ladies, Hub ladies, dub ladies, scrub ladies,
Beauty and Churlishness, Wisdom and Girlishness,
Stuck-up and downtrodden, haughty and humbled,
Life's Laughing Tragedy blissfully jumbled—
Lo! they march hypnotized, charmed to a frazzle,
Into the Kingdom of Wonderful Dazzle.

Slowly Diogenes, baring his head,
Bowed to the Moon. "You're to blame, ma'am!" he said.
So thus he addressed her, ere going to bed:

"Moon, orb of Humorists, Lovers and Fakes!
Foolish Toy Planet whose glamour distils
Musical Comedies, Elderly Rakes,
Suicides, Press Agents, Milliners' Bills—
So, to your sway must, more properly, fall
Summer Resorts—and the Spenders of Cash,
Who, by your philter magnetic, you call,
Drawn like the tides, to the Place where they Splash.
Luna, to you and the seaside hotels
Leave I the Crowd. They are paying the rent.
Hold them, O Moon, in the tightest of spells,
Till the day when your light and their money are spent!"

THE SECRET AGENT

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

VII

AN AGREEABLE sense of detachment, of relieved tension, took possession of Kestner as the Flavonia started on her journey down the Adriatic. For twelve days, he knew, the sea would establish the safest of "dead lines" about both Alicia Carlton and Tawney himself. With the exception of a few hours at Palermo he and his quarries would be completely cut off from the rest of the world.

He felt that there was no particular need for hurry. He was still face to face with a tangle of uncertainties. He was still confronted by a difficult and delicate task. But there could be no further moves or complications without his knowledge.

By the end of the first day out he had discovered that Stetson, of the first-cabin steward staff, was on the T D list. Down among the steerage, he also discovered, was Todaro, the vigilant little Todaro with his paternal Latin eye peeled for all Black Hand suspects. A half-hour's talk with Isham, the Flavonia's wireless operator, also established Kestner's position with that dependable young official.

And even while these new precautions were being taken and these new lines of vigilance established the Secret Agent made it a point to keep in constant and intimate association with Alicia Carlton. By what looked like mere accident she was assigned to a place directly opposite him in the dining-saloon. Before the end of the second day out he had been quietly transferred to a state-room obliquely across the corridor from her two-roomed suite on the promenade deck.

"What Does This Mean?" She Asked Very Quietly

He watched her always, but never obtrusively. He was with her often, but never when she did not seem to wish it. They rambled about the ship from engine-room to wireless-room; they sat side by side in their steamer chairs, talking and reading through the lazy afternoons. They played shuffleboard on the bridge deck together.

Yet all the while, closely as he was watching the young woman at his side, he was conscious of the fact that Tawney, from the distance, was watching both him and his companion. Why he should be doing so was still an unanswerable enigma. But that sense of being shadowed even while he was shadowing another kept Kestner very much on the alert.

Once they passed quite close to Tawney on deck. He could see the sudden constraint that fell over his companion, the vague trouble that rested about her averted eyes. He had hesitated to speak about the case, for from the first day Tawney had drawn into his shell, had kept to his own counsel and given no sign of recognition. But Kestner's anxiety to know more of the situation overcame him.

"What makes you think that man once followed you?" he asked

The girl looked about as though to make sure they were alone, but did not answer his question. He repeated it, assured that her sense of discomfort was not without significance.

"I may have been mistaken," she said, "but I kept seeing him so often."

"Tourists always seem to run across each other on the Continent," Kestner suggested.

"But I turned out of the beaten track. I kept diving from one place to another just like a mud-turtle, and that man did the same."

"And yet there was no reason he should be following you?" stated Kestner, though his rising inflection made it a question.

"I'm afraid there was," was her quite unlooked-for answer.

"What is it? Or what was it?"

Again she hesitated, and again he was impressed with the sense of something significant in her embarrassment.

"Can't you tell me?"

"No," she answered; "I'd rather not."

It was useless to press her further, so he dropped the subject. He had found out nothing definite, and yet he felt that the circle was slowly but surely rounding itself out.

Before the Flavonia had swung about the heel of Italy Kestner had carried out his carefully planned examination of the Carlton woman's trunks. This he had done by lantern light, with the help of Stetson and Todaro, after much climbing and tugging and hauling about down in the ship's hold.

The trunks had been opened and emptied with the most scrupulous care. Every dress fold had been looked into, every article had been investigated. And during all this search Kestner had been oppressed by an indeterminate sense of violation. As they had lifted out tray after tray of white and delicate drapery, liberating into the darkness a poignant feminine perfume that seemed so bewilderingly personal, he felt that he was intruding into something almost sacred, that he was brutally invading a sanctuary. The mere fragrance of the finery, as he watched the two men lift it carefully back into its trays, stirred him mysteriously.

But nothing whatever was found. Kestner was glad when the search was over. Strange as it seemed, he was also glad that it had proved a fruitless one. Why this was he could not say. But a vague sense of gratitude, of deliverance, took possession of him as he locked down the trunks and followed Stetson and Todaro up out of the gloom of the ship's hold. For the first time in his life he felt that the calling he followed was not one where honor always counted. It was underworld work, but too often it had to be done by underhand means.

Yet, such as it was, Kestner went on with it. By the time the Flavonia had passed through the Straits of Messina he had secured a duplicate key to Alicia Carlton's stateroom. Before Palermo harbor was reached he had verified his suspicion that she had deposited no package, small or large, in the purser's safe.

The actual invasion of her rooms, Kestner knew, would not be without risk. So he quietly watched for the right chance and, when it came, took advantage of it.

This was as the Flavonia swung out of Palermo harbor and Alicia Carlton, standing at the rail with her binoculars, raptly watched Monte Pellegrino and the Golden Shell. She stood intently gazing out at the shadowy hills of Sicily as the sun swung low behind them and the ship's screw throbbed westward again. Kestner felt sure she would remain on deck watching that broken and beautiful coastline as long as the light lasted. And that would give him ample time for his preliminary survey.

Yet, fortified as he was with the knowledge that Stetson stood at the head of the companionway, on the lookout, Kestner could not shake off some undue conviction of personal danger. The tension on his nerves was as keen as that of a vault-robber stepping into the quietness of a midnight bank. Still again, he felt that there was something ignoble about this circuitous prying into the secrecies of others. A discomforting consciousness of double-dealing, of betrayal, crept over him as he stepped from the first orderly little room into the second, with its purring electric fan, its virginal white-leaded woodwork, its fluttering crimson curtains and its narrow and alcoved berth as white as an altar cloth

He had intended to make his survey of the two rooms a leisurely one. Yet they seemed so full of the girl's presence, as he moved on from object to object, that it disturbed him. It made the intrusion take on the air of something despicable. His only consolation was in the fact that they were in a tacit community of deception, that they were opposing each other with the same artifices. Then, at the very moment that he was wondering why he should be dogged by some vague and foolish pity for her, his eyes fell on the dark-wooded writing-desk against the stateroom wall. On this desk, in a water-carafe, he saw a cluster of flowers. They were the same flowers which he had sent to her room at Abbazia the day before they sailed.

He stood looking at them for a full moment. Then, for reasons he could not fathom, he turned and walked out of the room. He stepped out of the door and closed and locked it after him, swept by a sudden sense of relief as he once more gained the open.

He tried to persuade himself that he could follow some easier and more natural line of procedure. There was danger of making the same mistake here, he told himself, that he had made with Tawney. He was allowing an official duty to translate itself into a personal issue. So he decided to fight fire with fire. He decided to see more of Alicia Carlton in person, to approach and understand the whole enigma through the avenue of her own character. When in doubt on facts, he had always held, it was time to revert to personalities. And he was possessed by a very strong desire to decipher the personality that would prompt a young woman to keep at her side, whatever her reasons, a cluster of faded and quite useless flowers.

Yet, before he could rejoin her that evening he felt the need of some ameliorating lapse of time and movement, as though an hour of pacing back and forth alone might let the clean sea-breeze purify him of something base and contaminating. He knew she was there, leaning over the 'midships taffrail, and yet for a full hour he deferred joining her. For in some way he had become critical of his own life, oppressed by a conviction of its emptiness, disturbed by the mere thought of its future.

She was watching the full moon coming up out of the east and did not speak as Kestner joined her. The orderly ship seemed touched with repose. The air was soft and balmy. The moon itself had turned the pellucid Mediterranean into a wavering pathway of transfusing gold and silver. On the hatches below sat huddled groups of Hungarian emigrants, singing together in their own tongue. There was something untamed in the music, something wistful and outlandish. It came up to the two watchers in broken wafts, touching them to wayward moods, softening the actualities of their lives, creating a hunger for intimacies which only warmth and moonlight and sea-air can conjure up.

Kestner let his eyes rest on the girlish figure beside him. He was again struck by the air of isolation, the sense of loneliness and deprivation that surrounded her. She seemed to him like a ship in mid-ocean, abandoned, without anchorage or intention.

They stood together as the emigrants on the deck below formed into groups dancing the *csardas* of their native country with swaying bodies and rhythmically stamping feet. The moonlight touched the swaying figures with mystery. The girl told Kestner how some of those simple folk had cheered and called out "America!" when, three days out from Fiume, they had caught sight of Sicily.

"We always expect our Promised Land too soon," said Kestner, with his eyes on the moonlit water.

"Or find they don't live up to their promises," murmured the girl

Each Polished Facet
and Angle Told Him Only Too Plainly What They Were

"But we have 'the glory of going on,'" quoted the other.

"But it's rather lonely sometimes," added the girl, and again a silence fell over them.

"Why are you traveling alone?" he asked in his gentle and intimate tones.

She laughed—a little bitterly, he thought. Then she turned her face to him with the darkness glowing in her eyes.

"You really want to know?"

"I want to know everything about you," was his grave reply in answer to the latent intimacy in her own voice. Then she laughed again.

"I've quarreled with my whole blessed family," she confessed, "and with the man I was going to marry. It wasn't exactly a quarrel—but in Paris we agreed to call everything off."

She stopped for a moment to listen to the music before she went on.

"They all put the blame on me, especially my aunt. But I know I was right. Every day, now, I know it more and more."

"Why did they blame you?"

"You'd have to know my Aunt Esther before you'd understand. We have so little in common. I've never cared for what she cared for—Auteuil or Longchamps or Ascot and Monte Carlo."

Kestner pondered a moment.

"From that list I imagine your aunt likes taking chances?"

"I've often thought that every idle and wealthy woman has to take chances. If she hasn't interests in life she has to make them. It would be like eating cold fish without tartar sauce!"

"And you don't believe in making chances, in adding to the zest of life that way?"

She was silent for a moment or two.

"I don't think I've ever needed to."

"Why haven't you?"

"I've always had so much to look forward to," she quite frankly admitted. Still, again there was a pause before she went on.

"Can't you see how the very smoothness of life is forever making it commonplace for so many people? They've nothing to work for; they've no thrills left in it. So they make bets on horses, or learn to gamble, or go to the Metropolitan and buy their thrills from grand opera. They long for something stirring, for something tragic, even though it frightens them a little. They always want to play bear and get frightened and have gooseflesh over something, just the same as children do!"

Kestner's final conclusion was that Esther Vanderlind, like her niece, might be a woman of considerable interest to him. He was also demanding of himself how much he could believe of what the girl at his side was telling him. He prided himself on a quick knowledge of imposture; he was familiar enough with dissimulation and its ways. Yet something in the girl's quiet tones seemed to carry conviction. He would believe her, he decided, until she made further belief impossible. And although little more of a personal nature was said that night the Secret Agent carried away the conviction that he was slowly but surely progressing with his case.

VIII

KESTNER prided himself on his clearsightedness. He had long since learned, among other things, that all mid-ocean intimacies were amazingly illusory. That sense of isolation that crept over the spirit of sea travelers and called for its compensating human comradeships could both play strange tricks with the vistas of friendship and conjure up disheartening mirages of emotion. It seemed to bring lives together as deludingly as that arid desert air which makes one lonely cañon seem to stand so close to another.

So a protesting inner voice kept warning Kestner that, though he was making some little headway in his work, he was making none in his knowledge of Alicia Carlton's character. Yet the prospect, as a whole, did not disturb him.

There was still ample time, days and days of time, in which to work out his problem. All the factors were there. They were there in their little floating world, with no possibility of escape, as safe as though the lot of them had fallen down a well together. It was simply a matter of time. Then, as it always had been, a few sudden moves would piece the scattered puzzle-picture into one organic whole

Tawney himself, Kestner observed, kept always to the background. For hours at a time, in the smoking-room, he bent over a pack of cards, playing solitaire. At other times he wandered ghostlike about the quieter parts of the ship, a lonely and self-immured figure. He held himself aloof from the little scattering of first-cabin passengers, who soon coalesced into their circles of kindred congenialities. Every one seemed to settle down into the pensive and leisured task of time-killing. And the Flavonia, swinging out past Gibraltar and veering off southward for the "southern route," crept onward into the Atlantic, shone on by the warm and semi-tropical sun and breathed on by the mild and equable trade wind.

Alicia Carlton and Kestner himself fell into the predestined groove. They read and talked and rambled about the ship together, from hatch-cover to bridge deck. There were times, even, when the illusion of his play-acting crept away from the Secret Agent. There were times, too, when he felt convinced that, willingly or unwillingly, the girl at his side had come to believe in the genuineness of his rôle. His doubly-acute powers of divination at least assured him that he had temporarily anesthetized her suspicions. He had his little tests for this, just as a surgeon has his tests for an etherized patient. There was no longer any nervous flinch against his calmly deliberate advances. And once assured of this anesthesia he decided to go on with his task, facing it with the quick fortitude of an expert who knew both the delicacy and the danger of his work.

It began that night as they leaned over the ship's rail, and the log-reel bell tinkled off the miles, and the churning screw flung a milk-white trail behind them. Neither of them had spoken all the time the great, golden moon had swung up above the skyline. Then he quietly reached out his hand and placed it on hers as it lay on the ship's rail.

When she looked up, a little startled, his grave eyes peered steadily into her face. He could see her own eyes wide with wonder, tremulous with some quick light of emotion. Yet, for a full moment or two, neither spoke.

Then she quietly drew her hand away, still without a spoken word. There was no reproof in her gaze. It seemed more a moment of inarticulate pleading, a vague and wordless demand that the deeper things of life should be met with a deeper sincerity.

Kestner attempted to speak. But to his amazement he found his throat constricted with emotion. No words escaped his lips. He was more deeply stirred than he had imagined.

Yet the pregnancy of his movement had not been misread. There was no evasion of its meaning. He knew that he had shown his colors.

A quick and wayward joy welled up through him as he realized that she had not dishonored them. The succeeding wave of feeling which humiliated him arose from the thought that those colors were not worthy of honor.

IX

IT WAS one day later that Kestner determined to purge his soul of the whole unsettling problem. He could no longer bear to leave things in uncertainty. He felt the necessity of finding solid ground, of forcing things to an issue. He hungered to get back to what he called the realities of life, however much it hurt. That look of dumb appeal as she stood beside him at the moonlit

ship's rail still haunted him, still mystified him. He hated himself for doubting it—but most of all he hated himself for having brought it to birth.

So he left her that night in the music room. He carried away a picture of the buoyant and slender figure, all in white, as she sat before the piano. The picture was still with him, accusingly with him, as he inserted his duplicate key in the doorlock and stepped into her stateroom.

Two minutes later, however, he was down on his knees before her open steamer trunk, searching through it from end to end. Then he carefully measured its sides, within and without, to make sure it held no false bottom. Then he relocked the trunk and turned resolutely to her handbags, to the drawers of her table and desk, to every nook and corner of the simply-furnished little rooms. He explored them all in a sort of rage, in a hot determination to reach some final issue—every toilet article and fold of drapery. Still again he found himself in that floating and intimate aroma of femininity, and still again he hated himself for the extremities into which he was forced. But his search proved a fruitless one.

He turned to the dark-wooded writing-table. On it still stood the sadly-wilted flowers from Abbazia. Beside them, he noticed, lay a bundle of letters tied together with a blue ribbon. Beside these again lay a photograph, a small photograph with worn edges.

He picked it up and looked at it intently, for it was a picture of Alicia Carlton herself. Then he took up the letters and turned them over in his fingers. They were in her own handwriting. It was repugnant to him, but he had no choice in the matter—he was compelled to look through them. It was all part of the day's work.

In two minutes the situation was clear. They were her letters to the man she had intended to marry—her love letters, which had been returned to her.

Kestner had not the heart to go on with them, no matter what they might hold. There had to be a limit somewhere. He took a second and longer glance at the photograph and then carefully retied the letters together with the blue ribbon and replaced them on the writing-table. He gazed down at the photograph still again, as though something in the unwavering, wide-set eyes might answer the question that was troubling his soul. Then flinging down the picture he once more set resolutely to work.

He turned to the mirror-fronted wall cabinet above the washbowl, with its little shelves crowded with those boudoir silver trinkets in which women, he knew, took their mysterious pride. His eyes fell on an emerald-green smelling-salts bottle mounted in silver. It was of Bohemian glass, and on its worn silver case still showed a coat-of-arms, a half-obliterated shield surmounted by a helmet and a hound's head.

What first impressed Kestner was the richness of this old silver work. The second thing that struck him was the size of the heavy cut-glass phial hanging from an equally heavy chain of antique silver.

He reached up and lifted it down from where it hung. Its weight was remarkable. He raised the heavily chased stopper and peered into the bottle.

Into its throat was screwed a circular mesh of silver wires, apparently to keep the sal volatile in place. Looking closer, as he struggled to release this silver network, he saw that it had been fastened to the bottle-top with a drop or two of solder.

He took out his pocketknife and promptly cut away this solder. Then he drew out the silver network. With his knifeblade he reached down into the bottle, stirring the liquid gently about as he peered down at the crystals that lay submerged in it.

Suddenly he gave a little gasp and looked about the cabin. Then he crossed to the wall-cabinet, took down a drinking-glass and emptied the contents of the emerald-green bottle into the glass.

He looked at this glass for several seconds without a movement of his stooping body. For there, in the glass before him, mixed with a few duller fragments of sal volatile, lay a handful of larger crystals. About these larger crystals, as they lay flashing and glittering in the strong light from the electrics, was no irregularity of shape or size. Each polished facet and angle told him only too plainly what they were.

He counted them carefully. There were eighteen. It was the correct number.

He turned them over, one by one. He had never before handled such large and well-matched cut stones. He knew little about such things, but their beauty did not appeal to him. He had, in fact, often admitted that he hated diamonds. They seemed to symbolize cupidity and ceaseless intrigue and the lust of power in vain and hardened spirits. If they shone like stars it was only out of a world-old background of sin and gloom. There was something sinister in their glitter.

There was something equally sinister, he felt, in his discovery of them. It meant the end of things. The case was at last cleared up. There was no longer any doubt about it. He had found her out. She was the diamond smuggler.

He knew no sense of triumph in his discovery. It came to him, in fact, with a wave of disappointment which he could not altogether account for, which he could not fortify himself against. The stones themselves did not interest him. His knowledge of jewels was not that of an expert. It was not the diamonds that amazed him. It was the extent to which he had submitted to deception. It was the discovery of the stones in such a hiding-place. It was what their presence there implied. The audacity, the assured cunning of the thing, fairly took his breath away.

He stood for a moment or two in deep and pensive thought. Then he carefully dropped the diamonds back one by one into the emerald-green smelling-salts bottle. Over them he once more poured the aromatic liquid. After he had done this he carefully replaced the network of silver wire, forcing it back into place with his knifeblade until it snapped into its groove and held there. Then he put the bottle back where it had hung by its antique silver chain in plain view of every visitor to the room. He peered up at it with thoughtful and half-closed eyes. He would wait, he decided, before making the final move. He was now master of the situation in every way. He could afford to stand back and watch developments.

Had it been a man that Kestner was combating he would have acted with promptitude and decision. He had never believed in vacillating. When he struck he made it a point to strike quick and hard.

But in this case it was different. There were elements of mystery that he had not yet comprehended. There was a personal factor or two in the problem that still perplexed him. There was still a side to the adroit and elusive Carlton woman which he wanted to understand. He could quite easily wait for a day or two, until the Highlands of Navesink were at hand. And in the mean time he could study his artless-eyed diamond smuggler at his leisure.

He pulled himself together, rinsed the drinking-glass and returned it to its holder. Then he looked about to see that everything had been put to rights. He was on the point of stooping to pick up a glistening speck of the silver solder cut from the bottle-neck when a sudden noise smote on his ear. There was no mistaking that noise or its meaning. He remembered with a throb of relief that he had withdrawn his own duplicate key from the door-lock.

For the sound he heard was that of a key being thrust into the stateroom door just behind him. He realized, as he heard that telltale click, that he was trapped. He was caught without a chance of escape, without the ghost of a chance to explain.

He knew only too well who his captor was. His quick ear had already caught the sound of her rustling skirt. He realized only too well that it was the smuggler herself. And the ignominy of his position sickened him.

Not that Kestner had never been caught before. He was not unfamiliar with such disconcerting emergencies. The facing of such things was only another part of the day's work. But it was a part he dreaded.

He did not dare to look around as the key was turned in the lock. Yet his mind, as he stood there, was working with lightning-like rapidity. He was seizing on and testing and rejecting a dozen possible subterfuges. His frenziedly darting glance fell on the writing-table. Then he saw the photograph.

Quick as thought he dropped on one knee before the dark-wooded table and caught up the picture. He bent over it studiously. With all the promptness of an actor catching at a pose for a suddenly-rising curtain he threw a note of tenderness, of rapt dreaminess, into his attitude and glance.

He heard the door open. For the second time he heard the rustle of skirts. But he did not look up. He continued to gaze at the picture with absent and preoccupied eyes.

Not a word was spoken. The silence lengthened, lengthened incredibly until he felt that the last drop of sincerity had fallen out of his position. He could even see that his fingers were trembling a little.

"What does this mean?" she asked very quietly.

He turned and looked at her. He realized how much depended on the way he carried that scene through. He looked at her with his deep and melancholy eyes. And he realized triumphantly that she paled a little as she stood facing him.

"Don't you know?" he said in his quiet and sorrowful *vibrato* of emotion.

She still looked at him, moving her head slowly from side to side. She showed no anger, no resentment. It was more utter wonder, utter amazement.

"But what right ——" she began inadequately. Then she crossed the room so that she stood before him.

"Can't you guess?" he equivocated. "Can't you understand?"

She did not answer him. But her face was paler than before. Then, as he slowly raised the photograph and touched it to his lips, a flush crept up over her face, a surge of color that left her eyes luminous and gave to her troubled under lip a sudden quiver of feeling.

"Don't," she said. There was something more than quiet reproof in the tones of that one word. It caused Kestner to look on his work and see that it was good. She suspected nothing. He felt now that he could sustain the rôle.

"But I must tell you," he said, trembling with what he accepted as his well-simulated emotion.

"No," she protested. "Not here! Not now!"

"Why not?" he asked.

He hated himself for it all, hated himself with a bitter and corroding hatred. The abhorrent baseness and cruelty of it all seemed to warp and split his very soul. But he had to carry it through.

He could see her bosom heaving. He could see the forlorn and wistful tenderness that crept into her troubled eyes. He no longer pitied her. He pitied himself. Beside her he was something small and mean and sordid. There was something imperial and noble in her simplicity, in her directness. And it hurt him to see how she was struggling against his unworthy mockeries of emotion.

"I know," she acknowledged at last, brokenly, and not looking at him as she spoke. "You thought because I saved those poor flowers of yours, because ——"

She did not finish.

"But was I wrong?" he pleaded.

"You thought because I was so alone, because you found me when I felt deserted and friendless and without ties, that—oh, you should never have done it!"

He could see the sudden flash of tears in her eyes, the capitulating

It Drew With It a Girdle of Soft Leather That Had Encircled Tawney's Waist Next to the Skin

weakness of her heaving shoulders. His outstretched hands groped toward hers.

As he held them, warm and passive in his own hands, a quick fire coursed through all his veins, a fire quite new to him, a bewildering, intoxicating fire. He realized, to his sudden wonder, that his own eyes were wet, that some vast and unexpected surge of feeling was sweeping through the inmost depths of his being.

When he spoke it seemed in a voice not his own. Even the words seemed unsought for, unwilled, unpremeditated.

"Can't you see I love you?" he cried as he crushed the small and passive hands in his. "I love you!" he repeated, and there was something drowsing and benumbing in the words. They seemed to release a pressure which had been tormenting his brain. They brought an unlooked-for peace to his turbulent and troubled soul.

She turned her head away. It was not denial, for she did not struggle to free her hands from his clasp. There was no movement or gesture of repulsion. But some barrier intervened. Some clamorous instinct told him that he must advance no further. There were sanctuaries past which he had not yet found the right to trespass. There were reservations for which he knew she would be passionately grateful.

"Please go!" she whispered very gently.

Her head was bowed, but he could still see the turbulent heaving of her bosom. He could still feel the fire that coursed through his own startled veins.

He turned away with a touch of awe on his face. His only thought was to do as she asked.

He groped his way to the door and opened it. Then he quietly closed the door after him and left the girl alone in her room.

X

KESTNER made his way out on deck as unconscious of direction or movement as a somnambulist. He felt the necessity of physical action, of fresh air, of being alone with his own unorganized emotions.

A slowly mounting sense of exhilaration crept through him, a sense of something momentous and yet mysterious. It was an experience new to all his career. He had stumbled on something above work and craft and achievement. He had swung out into new waters bewilderingly wide and open, free from the reek of harbor mud and sodden oak.

Wilsnach, he remembered, had once called him "the Sancho of the Service." He had been the drudge-horse, the Sancho that stood for Sense without Spirit. Young McGarry, he also remembered, had once been described as its Don Quixote—for that wild and improvident young Celt had always stood for Spirit without Sense. But Kestner himself had always accepted his own life as something indurated, as something calcined into passivity. He had worked and saved and gathered together his fortune. It had seemed satisfying enough. But now the wider issues intervened. He demanded something more of life, something more of that life which he knew so well that his knowledge had never let him live.

Then, as Kestner walked up and down the white-boarded deck, the reaction set in. He remembered that he was involved in things beyond his own choosing. The past put out its hand and chilled him. He had his case to see through, his web of mystery to untangle.

The only way out, he told himself, was to decide on his next move and decide at once. Things had now gone too far for further equivocation. He would forcibly and openly tear the veil from the whole situation, whatever it cost. There would be no more double-dealing and cross-purposes and subterfuges. He would coerce Alicia Carlton into open and unequivocal action.

Yet at the very moment he decided this he felt a sort of pity for her. Inexplicable as her whole course seemed, he still tried to make excuses for her. He kept reverting to the unjustness of the combat in which she was an agent. He felt like a hunter who had trained his rifle on a park deer that was too tame to think of flight, that knew no menace in firearms. There seemed something hopelessly malignant in the mere exercise of his unrealized power. For even in his moments of sober afterthought, and with all his efficient and ordered equipment, and with all his calm ability of mind and will, he became conscious of other forces as yet unfathomed, of vague yet momentous currents pouring like tumultuous spring floods through all the flats of existence, inundating the sober old landmarks by which he had seen fit to work and live.

He even decided to go to her at once, before anything could intervene. He would in some way save her from herself. And in saving her he would be saving himself.

He dreaded to tell her of his own part in the unsavory game. But that was a fire through which he had to pass. It would be humiliating. Yet there were things at stake more vital than his own dignity.

Then, as he paced his last determined lap, he looked up and caught sight of Tawney. The familiar figure in blue serge was lounging against the rail, with a cigarette poised between his flaccidly satyric lips. The sight of him reminded Kestner there was still a third factor in the game, a factor he had for the moment forgotten.

"Looks unsettled, doesn't it?" remarked the calm-eyed Tawney as the other man passed at his elbow. There was a note of mockery in the mild interrogation, a falling inflection in its utterance which seemed to barb it with some remote and audacious second meaning.

Kestner stopped for a moment, took out a cigar, struck a light, and gazed up at the pellucid southern sky with its silver sprinkling of stars.

"Looks clear enough to me!" he murmured, with his melancholy smile. His tone was mildly indifferent, yet through it thrust the old-time muffled spear of animosity.

There was a touch of effrontery in Tawney's answering laugh. It reminded Kestner of a needle wrapped in chamois, as he watched the other man turn on his heel with an indifferent shrug and walk away.

Kestner was no longer worrying about Tawney. He prided himself that in that deal he held the trump card—for Tawney, he knew, had never quite placed his opponent. He had never yet learned the machinery of which Kestner was a small and quietly-revolving cogwheel. When that machinery was once set in motion it would crush the hand that invaded it. And now the Secret Agent knew he had more immediate problems to face. And his first need, he felt, was to find Alicia Carlton.

He caught no glimpse of her, however, until late the next morning. She had breakfasted in her own stateroom and was in the act of filling out a customs declaration when he knocked at her half-open door.

There was a look of mild wonder in her eyes as she glanced up and saw him before her. It was her method of expressing the resentment she felt at this second intrusion, which in some way she could not quite reconcile with his character. She made no movement to welcome him. He, in turn, felt that each intervening hour had been drawn like a bolt between them.

"Are you putting in all your jewels?" he hesitatingly and yet half-mockingly inquired.

"I've none worth while," she answered. Her tone was almost an openly preoccupied one, and again the sense of distance between them depressed him.

Kestner pointed toward the bottle of emerald-green glass and silver which still hung against the wall.

"Are you counting that?" he asked, his half-veiled eyes carefully watching her face.

She looked up at him, a little puzzled. Then she smiled and turned back to her sheet of paper.

"But that's over two hundred years old. And its market value wouldn't be more than a dollar or two, would it?"

Her manner puzzled Kestner. But he tried not to show it. He watched her as she rose and crossed the room, pinning a cream motor-veil about her head.

"I wanted to see if you couldn't come on deck," he explained. "The morning's so perfect!"

"Yes," she answered; "I'll come."

"And won't you bring your silver bottle?"

"Why?" she asked with deliberation.

"I want to talk to you about it," was the only answer he made.

She unlooped the heavy silver chain and swung the heavy metal-covered bottle carelessly under her arm. Then she turned and picked up a magazine from her writing-table, and as Kestner held the door for her she stepped out to the companionway and then to the open deck.

He led her to the back of the ship, where they would be alone. Beneath their feet they could feel the movement of the screw that churned the sea-water into its long and milky wake.

He found it hard to begin. Her expression implied that she was waiting for some explanation from him. It seemed an enforced suspension of judgment, a tried and yet unruffled patience.

"I have something to confess to you," he at last began; "but before I say it I want to ask you something."

"What do you want to ask?"

"If you, on your part, have nothing to confess?"

She was silent for a minute or two.

"Yes, I have," she answered. Her words made Kestner's heart beat faster.

"What is it?" he asked as she sat gazing at the emerald-green bottle in her hand.

"I wasn't truthful with you."

"In what?" he demanded.

"When you asked if I'd a reason for being followed I didn't tell you why. I was ashamed to."

He felt the moment to be a climactic one. Yet she looked up and smiled before she went on.

"In Paris, at the Ritz, I issued my declaration of independence. As I've already told you, I rather quarreled with my family."

"About what?"

"About the man I intended to marry—I mean the man my Aunt Esther intended me to marry." She laughed again. "I bolted! And now he's going to marry my Cousin Julia."

"But what has this to do with your being followed about Europe?"

"I *did* meet this man Tawney once," she finally confessed. "I've—I've already spoken to him."

"You've met Tawney?" he repeated almost hopelessly.

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"He came to see me at the Ritz."

"Why see you?"

"He claimed to have certain information to dispose of. He seemed to want to blackmail my—the man I spoke of."

"Who was that man?"

It seemed hard for her to answer.

"He's a Viscount, with eighteen thousand acres in Sussex and a rather bad temper."

Kestner, even as he laughed, pondered deeply. He knew his Burke's Peerage, mostly at first hand.

"Lord Urland," he said.

"Yes," she admitted, startled at his quick guess.

"But what was Tawney's move?"

"He'd information about Lord Urland's life in Munich."

"What information?"

"I don't exactly know. I didn't care to purchase such things. But I sent for Lord Urland. Then this man Tawney disappeared."

Again Kestner pondered.

"And then came the declaration of independence?" he suggested. "The break with Urland and the quarrel with the family?"

"Yes," she admitted; "in a way, it came from that."

Kestner did not care to press the point. It was already a side issue. A high-spirited young woman and a high-handed young man had come together on a very old problem, had spoken plainly and had promptly parted.

This, he felt, was authentic. That first part of the story was plain enough, but it did not explain either Tawney on the Flavonia or the diamonds in the salts bottle

Kestner stooped over and took the heavy little antique trinket of glass and silver from her fingers.

"And where does this come in?" he inquired with assumed carelessness.

She did not look at him as she answered. Her contemplative eyes were turned to the undulating ship's wake as she spoke.

"Lord Urland gave me that early in the spring. He said it was one of their old family things." She turned and held the phial up before Kestner. "You can see where the silver's worn right through at the edges."

He waited until she looked up from the bottle, until her eyes met his; for the next question, carelessly uttered as it was, would prove a vital one.

"And did Lord Urland fill it for you?" he inquired. He watched her face—watched it closely. There was no flinch, no change, no sign of anything but mild and slowly mounting wonder.

"No," she answered. "Aunt Esther had it fixed and filled at a jeweler's in Paris. But why are you asking about this bottle?"

"You refuse to guess?"

"I can't guess!"

"And you really want to know?"

"Of course!"

The deep gray-blue eyes were still studying his face, as though in search of some key to his campaign of mystification.

He reached out and took the bottle from her hand for the second time.

"Do you mind if I empty it?" he asked.

She hesitated. The solemnity of his face was apparently still puzzling her.

"No," she finally answered. "I never use it."

She watched him as he held a finger over the silver network that guarded the bottle's mouth and then deliberately poured the liquid out on the deckboards. The smell of the aromatic spirits floated about them, pungent and pleasant.

Then Kestner took the magazine from her lap, opened it between his knees, and pried the silver network from the bottle's mouth. Then he stopped and looked at her.

He felt assured, even then, that she was innocent. He was subliminally convinced of her honesty, of her integrity of character. There was no trace of pretense, of acting, about her.

"Well?" she said, waiting for him to speak. A smile, almost disdainful in its indifference, was even wreathing her lips.

Kestner unfolded his handkerchief and spread it out on the open magazine. Then he tilted up the bottle and poured its contents into the cushion of white linen.

Like a juggler sure of his trick he watched, not the trick, but his audience. Then he caught his breath in a short gasp, in a gasp that marked the sudden suspension of breathing. He stared down with startled and distended eyes Nothing but a few coarse grains of ammonium carbonate fell on the handkerchief. The bottle was empty. The diamonds had gone.

"Well?" asked the girl again, this time with a note of impatience in her voice.

Kestner laughed.

(Continued on Page 24)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

VIII

BERKLEY glanced at the clock. "Only one more hand after this," he said. "I open it for the limit."

"All in," said Cortlandt briefly. "What are you going to do now?"

"To break the ice," observed Berkley, "you may give me three cards, Cortlandt." He took them, scanned his hand, tossed the discards in the center of the table, and bet ten dollars. Through the tobacco smoke drifting in level bands the crystal chandeliers in Cortlandt's house glimmered murkily; the cigar haze even stretched away into the farther room where, under brilliantly-lighted side brackets, a young girl sat playing at the piano. Another girl, in a shrimp-pink evening gown, one silken knee drooping over the other, lay half-buried among the cushions, singing the air which the player at the piano picked out by ear. A third girl, velvet-eyed and dark of hair, listened pensively, turning the gems on her fingers.

The pretty musician at the piano was playing an old song once much admired by the sentimental; the singer, reclining amid her cushions, sang the words absently:

Why did I give my heart away—
Give it so lightly, give it to pay
For a pleasant dream on a summer's day?

Why did I give? I do not know.
Surely the passing years will show.

Why did I give my love away—
Give it in April, give it in May,
For a young man's smile on a summer's day?

Why did I love? I do not know.
Perhaps the passing years will show.

She broke off short, swung on the revolving chair and called: "Mr. Berkley, are you going to see me home?"

"Last jack," said Berkley; "I'm opening it for the limit. Give me one round of fixed ammunition, Arthur."

"There's no use drawing," observed another man, laying down his hand. "Berkley cleans us up as usual."

He was right; everything went to Berkley, as usual, who laughed and turned to Casson.

"Cold decks?" he suggested politely. "Your revenge at your convenience, Jack."

Casson declined. Cortlandt, in his brilliant Zouave uniform, stood up and stretched his arms until the scarlet chevrons on the blue sleeves wrinkled into jagged lightning.

"It's been very kind of you-all to come to my last good-by party," he yawned, looking sleepily around him through the smoke at his belongings.

For a week he had been giving a good-by party every evening in his handsome house on Twenty-third Street. The four men and the three young girls in the other room were the residue of this party, which was to be the last.

Arthur Wye, wearing the brand-new uniform, red stripes and facings, of flying artillery, rose also; John Casson buttoned his cavalry jacket, grumbling, and stood heavily erect, a colossus in blue and yellow.

"You have the devil's luck, Berkley," he said without bitterness.

"I need it."

"So you do, poor old boy!"

Wye yawned, thrust his strong, thin hands into his trousers pockets and looked stupidly at the ceiling.

"I wish to Heaven they'd start our battery," he said vacantly. "I'm that sick of Hamilton!"

Casson grumbled again, settling his debts with Berkley.

Berkley, wandering back to the other room, became aware of Letty Lynden seated at the table.

Her slim, childish body lay partly across the table, her cheek was pillowed on one outstretched arm.

"Are you asleep?" he asked.

The girl stirred and lifted her head.

"Everybody's gone home," he said. "Do you want to stay here all night?"

She rose, rubbing her eyes with the backs of her hands.

"Are you going with me, Mr. Berkley?"

"I'll see you safe."

She yawned again, laid a small hand on his arm, and together they descended the stairs, opened the front door and went out into Twenty-third Street. He scarcely expected to find a hack at that hour, but there was one; and it drove them to her lodgings on Fourth Avenue near Thirteenth Street. She seemed very young and very tired as she stood by the open door, looking drearily at the gray pallor over the roofs opposite, where day was breaking.

"Will you—come in?"

"I think I will," he said.

Her room was small, very plain, very neat. She crept into the depths of a big armchair and lay back, watching him with inscrutable eyes.

He did not disturb her for a while. After a few moments he got up and walked slowly about, examining the few inexpensive ornaments on wall and mantel; turned over the pages of an album, glanced at a newspaper beside it, then came back and stood beside her chair.

"Do you know how much money I've made this week?" he said gayly.

She looked up at him, surprised, and shook her head; but her velvet eyes grew wide when he told her.

"I won it fairly," he said. "And I'm going to stake it all on one last bet."

"On—what?"

"On—you. Now, what do you think of that?"

"How—do you mean, Mr. Berkley?" He looked down into the eyes of a hurt child.

"It goes into the bank in your name—if you say so."

"For—what?"

"I don't know," he said serenely; "but I am betting it will go for rent and board and things a girl needs—when she has no man to ask them of—and nothing to pay for them."

"You mean no man—excepting—you?"

"No," he said wearily; "I'm not trying to buy you."

She crimsoned. "I thought—then why do you ——?"

"Why? I don't know! How do I know why I do anything? I've enough left for my journey. Take this and try to behave yourself if you can—in the Canterbury and out of it! . . . Good-night."

She sprang up and laid a detaining hand on his sleeve as he reached the hallway.

"Mr. Berkley! I—I can't ——"

He said, smiling: "My manners are really better than that ——"

"I didn't mean ——"

"You ought to. Don't let any man take his leave in such a manner. Men believe a woman to be what she thinks she is. Think well of yourself. And go to bed. I never saw such a sleepy youngster in my life! Good-night, you funny, sleepy little thing!"

"Mr. Berkley—I can't take—accept ——"

"Oh, listen to her!" he said, disgusted. "Can't I make a bet with my own money if I want to? I am betting; and you are holding the stakes. It depends on how you use them whether I win or lose."

"I don't understand—I don't, truly," she stammered; "d-do you wish me to—leave—the Canterbury? Do you—what is it you wish?"

"You know better than I do. I'm not advising you. Where is your home? Why don't you go there? You have one somewhere, I suppose, haven't you?"

"Y-yes; I had."

"Well—where is it?"

"My people live in Philadelphia."

"Couldn't you stand it?" he inquired with a sneer.

"No." She covered her face with her hands.

"Trouble?"

"Y-yes."

"Man?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Won't they take you back?"

"I—haven't written."

"Write. Home is no stupider than the Canterbury. Will you write?" She nodded, hiding her face.

"Then—that's settled. Meanwhile ——" he took both her wrists and drew away her clinging hands:

"I'd rather like to win this bet because—the odds are all against me." He smiled, letting her hands swing back and hang inert at her sides.

But she only closed her eyes and shook her little head, standing there, slim and tear-stained in her ruffled dinner-dress.

And watching her he retreated, one step after another, slowly, and slowly closed the door and went out into the dawn, weary, haggard, the taste of life bitter in his mouth.

"What a spectacle," he sneered, referring to himself; "the vicious god from the machine! Chorus of seraphim. Apotheosis of little Miss Turveydrop ——"

In the rosy gray of the dawn he sat down on the steps of his new lodgings and gazed quietly into space.

"This isn't going to help," Berkley said to himself. "I can stand years of it yet. And that's much too long."

He brooded for a few moments.

"I hope Ailsa Paige doesn't write me again. I can stand some things, but I can't stand everything."

Something Faintly Fresh—an Evanescent Hint of Perfume

IX

AND now at last Ailsa knew what it was she feared. For she was beginning to understand that this man was utterly unworthy, utterly insensible, without character, without one sympathetic trait that appealed to anything in her except her senses.

Day in, day out, she told the rosary of unreal hours, passing from dread to anger, from incredulity to pain and its wistfulness, from humiliation to resignation and its sweetness.

One hour found it soaring in resurrection, purified from all lesser passions; and in this hour she tearfully forgave him, pitied him, longed to aid, to guide, to lift him with her toward passionless levels of spiritual peace. Yet the next hour found her at her desk, bending over his last letter, fingers twisted in an agony of doubt and grief. Sometimes she crouched so for hours, dumb, tearless, enduring the ceaseless need of seeing him, of hearing his voice, of looking upon him—but never, never to let him touch her, never to suffer even the shadow of his contact, the thought of which remained impossible. Always in body she had remained aloof, but her spirit's arms opened wide—wide to his.

Again and again she went back over their first chance encounter, recalling the dawning sense of his nearness to her, the spiritual drifting toward him. She remembered it all, retracing her errant steps fearfully; silently stealing back along the pale path blossoming with memories which seemed too frail, too unreal to signify. Yet had they blossomed on the edge of peril; and there she had wandered till the path ended. And now she must go back. Must she go back? Nowhere could she find any bridge crossing the pit at her feet.

If it was love for this man that had led her here, love was not what she had believed, nor had its birth in noble things—things of the mind—nor any beginning at all that she discovered, no origin in anything, either sacred or profane, save that it was already there when first her eyes rested on him. She knew that now.

. . . . . .

What kind of love was that—founded on nothing, nurtured on nothing, thriving on nothing except what her senses beheld in him? Nothing higher, nothing purer, nothing more exalted had she ever learned of him than what her eyes saw; and they had seen only a man in his

ripe youth, without purpose, without ideals, taking carelessly of the world what he would one day return to it—the material, born in corruption, and to corruption doomed.

. . . . .

And one night, down on her knees in the moonlight beside her bed, she prayed for his soul and hers, long, long; and fell asleep so kneeling, bare arms stiffly outstretched across the unruffled sheets. And slept so until, her body giving way, she sank lower, awoke still falling, confused by the tumult of thought that left her wet-eyed among her pillows, listening to the beating of her heart.

. . . . .

It was night she feared most. By day there were duties awaiting or to be invented. Also, sometimes, standing on her steps, she could hear the distant sound of drums, catch a glimpse far to the eastward of some regiment bound South, the long, rippling line of bayonets, a flutter of color where the North was passing on its errand. And love of country became a passion.

Dumb, Tearless, Enduring the Ceaseless Need of Seeing Him

Stephen came sometimes, but his news of Berkley was always indefinite, usually expressed with a shrug and emphasized in silences.

Colonel Arran was still in Washington, but he wrote her every day, and always he asked whether Berkley had come. She never told him.

Like thousands and thousands of other women in New York she did what she could for the soldiers, contributing from her purse, attending meetings, making havelocks for the soldiers' caps, rolling bandages, scraping lint in company with other girls of her acquaintance, visiting barracks and camps and "soldiers' rests," sending endless batches of pies and cakes and dozens of jars of preserves from her kitchen to the various distributing depots.

Sainte Ursula's Church sent out a call to its parishioners; a notice was printed in all the papers requesting any women of the congregation who had a knowledge of nursing to meet at the rectory for the purposes of organization. And Ailsa went and enrolled herself as one who had had some hospital experience.

Sickness among the thousands of troops in the city there already was; also a few cases of gunshots in the accident wards incident to the carelessness or ignorance of raw volunteers. But as yet in the land there had been no soldier wounded in battle, no violent death except that of the young colonel of the First Fire Zouaves, shot down in his tracks at Alexandria.

So there was no regular hospital duty asked of Ailsa Paige, none required; and she and a few other women attended a class of instruction conducted by her own physician, Doctor Benton, who explained the simpler necessities of emergency cases and coolly predicted that there would be plenty of need for every properly instructed woman who cared to volunteer.

So the ladies of Sainte Ursula's listened very seriously; and some had enough of it very soon, and some remained longer, and finally only a small residue was left—quiet, silent, attentive women of various ages who came every day to hear what Doctor Benton had to tell them and write it down in their little morocco notebooks. And these after a while became the Protestant Sisterhood of Sainte Ursula, and wore, on duty, the garb of gray with the pectoral scarlet heart.

. . . . . .

May went out with the booming of shotted guns beyond the southern horizon, amid rumors of dead Zouaves and cavalrymen somewhere beyond Alexandria. And on that day the Seventh Regiment returned to garrison the city, and the anxious city cheered its return, and people slept more soundly for it, though all day long the streets echoed with the music of troops departing and of regiments parading for a last inspection before the last good-bys.

Berkley saw some of this from his window. He seldom left his rooms except at night; and all day long he read or brooded, or lay listless, indifferent, neither patient nor impatient with a life he no longer cared enough about either to use or take.

There were intervals when the deep despair within him awoke quivering; instants of fierce grief instantly controlled, throttled; moments of listless relaxation when some particularly contemptible trait in Burgess faintly amused him, or some attempted invasion of his miserable seclusion provoked a sneer or a haggard smile or, perhaps, an uneasiness less ignoble, as when, possibly, the brief series of letters began and ended between him and the dancing girl of the Canterbury.

Dear Mr. Berkley: Could you come for me after the theater this evening?

LETITIA LYNDEN.

Dear Letty: I'm afraid I couldn't. Very truly yours,

P. O. BERKLEY.

Dear Mr. Berkley: Am I not to see you again? I think, perhaps, you might care to hear that I have been doing what you wished ever since that night. I have also written home, but nobody has replied. I don't think they want me now. I thought you might come sometimes. Could you? LETITIA LYNDEN.

Dear Letitia: I seem to be winning my bet, but nobody can ever tell. Wait for a while and then write home again. Meantime, why not make bonnets? If you want to I'll see that you get a chance. P. O. BERKLEY.

Dear Mr. Berkley: I don't know how. I never had any skill. I was assistant in a physician's office—once. Thank you for your kind and good offer—for all your goodness to me. I wish I could see you sometimes. You have been better to me than any man. Could I? LETTY.

Dear Letty: Why not try some physician's office?

P. O. BERKLEY.

Dear Mr. Berkley: Do you wish me to? Would you see me sometimes if I left the Canterbury? It is so lonely—you don't know, Mr. Berkley. Please only come and speak to me. LETTY.

Dear Letty: Here is a card to a nice doctor, Phineas Benton, M. D. I have not seen him in years; he remembers me as I was. You will not, of course, disillusion him. I've had to lie to him about you—and about myself. I've told him that I know your family in Philadelphia, that they asked me about the chances of a position here for you as an assistant in a physician's office, and that now you had come on to seek for such a position. Let me know how the lie turns out. P. O. BERKLEY.

A fortnight later came her last letter:

Dear Mr. Berkley: I have been with Doctor Benton nearly two weeks now. He took me at once. He is such a good man! But—I don't know—sometimes he looks at me and looks at me as though he suspected what I am—and I feel my cheeks getting hot, and I can scarcely speak for nervousness; and then he always smiles so pleasantly and speaks so courteously that I know he is too kind and good to suspect.

I hold sponges and instruments in minor operations, keep the office clean, usher in patients, offer them smelling salts and fan them, prepare lint, roll bandages—and I know already how to do all this quite well. I think he seems pleased with me. He is so very kind to me. And I have a little hall bedroom in his house, very tiny, but very neat and clean; and I have my meals with his housekeeper, an old, old woman who is very deaf and very pleasant.

I don't go out because I don't know where to go. I'm afraid to go near the Canterbury—afraid to meet anybody from there. But nobody has come. And I sometimes do go out with Doctor Benton. He is instructing a class of ladies in the principles of hospital nursing, and lately I have gone with him to hold things for him while he demonstrates. And once, when he was called away suddenly, I remained with the class alone, and I was not very nervous and I answered all their questions for them and showed them how things ought to be done. They were so kind to me, and one very lovely girl came to me and thanked me and said that she, too, had worked a little as a nurse for charity, and asked me to call on her.

I was so silly—do you know I couldn't see her for the tears, and I couldn't speak—and I couldn't let go of her hands. I wanted to kiss them, but I was ashamed.

Some day do you think I might see you again? I am what you have asked me to be. I never wanted to be anything else. They will not believe that at home because they had warned me, and I was such a fool. This is really true, Mr. Berkley. Some time may I see you again?

Yours sincerely,

LETITIA A. LYNDEN.

He had replied that he would see her some day, meaning not to do so. And there it had rested; and there, stretched on his sofa, he rested.

"Burgess!"

"Sir?"

"What the devil are you scratching for outside my door?"

"A letter, sir."

"Shove it under and let me alone."

The letter appeared, cautiously inserted under the door, and lay there very white on the floor. He eyed it, scowling, without curiosity, turned over, and presently became absorbed in the book he had been reading:

Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda: "Heavenly, Holiest, Pure, when a pure man dies where does his soul dwell during that night?"

Then answered Ahura-Mazda: "Near his head it sits itself down. On this night his soul sees as much joy as the living world possesses."

And Zarathustra asked: "Where dwells the soul throughout the second night after the body's death?"

Then answered Ahura-Mazda: "Near to his head it sits itself down."

Zarathustra spake: "Where stays the soul of a pure man throughout the third night, O Heavenly, Holiest, Pure?"

And thus answered Ahura-Mazda, Purest, Heavenly: "When the Third Night turns itself to Light the soul arises and goes forward; and a wind blows to meet it; a sweet-scented one, more sweet-scented than other winds.

"And in that wind there cometh to meet him His Own Law in the body of a maid, one beautiful, shining, with shining arms; one powerful, well-grown, slender, with praiseworthy body; one noble, with brilliant face, as fair in body as the loveliest.

"And to her speaks the soul of the pure man, questioning her who she might truly be. And thus replies to him His Own Law, shining, dove-eyed, loveliest: 'I am thy thoughts and works; I am thine own Law of thine own Self. Thou art like me, and I am like thee in goodness, in beauty, in all that I appear to thee. Beloved, come!'

"And the soul of the pure man takes one step and is in the First Paradise, Humata; and takes a second step, and is in the Second Paradise, Hukhta; and takes a third step, and is in the Third Paradise, Hvarsta.

"And takes one last step into the Eternal Lights forever."

His eyes were still fixed vacantly on the printed page, but he saw nothing now. Something in the still air of the room had arrested his attention—something faintly fresh—an evanescent hint of perfume.

Suddenly the blood surged up in his face; he half rose, turned where he lay and looked back at the letter on the floor. "Damn it!" he said. And rising heavily he went to it, picked it up and broke the scented seal.

Will you misunderstand me, Mr. Berkley? They say that the pages of friendship are covered with records of misunderstandings.

We were friends. Can it not be so again? I have thought so long and so steadily about it that I no longer exactly know whether I may venture to write to you or whether the only thing decently left me is silence, which for the second time I am breaking now, because I cannot believe that I offered my friendship to such a man as you have said you are. It is not in any woman to do it. Perhaps it is self-respect that protests, repudiates, denies what you have said to me of yourself; and perhaps it is a sentiment less austere. I can no longer judge.

And now that I have the courage—or effrontery—to write you once more, will you misconstrue my letter—and my motive? If I cannot be reconciled to what I hear of you—if what I hear pains, frightens me out of a justifiable silence which, perhaps, you might respect, will you respect my motive for breaking it the less? I do not know. But the silence is now broken, and I must endure the consequences.

Deep unhappiness I have never known; but I recognize it in others when I see it, and would aid always if I could. Try to understand me.

But despair terrifies me—I who never have known it—and I do not understand how to meet it, how to cope with it in others, what to say or do. Yet I would help if help is possible. Is it?

I think you have always thought me immature, young in experience, negligible as to wisdom, of an intellectual capacity inconsequential.

These are the facts: I was married when I was very young, and I have known little of such happiness; but I have met sorrow and have conquered it, and I have seen bitter hours and have overcome them, and I have been tempted and have prevailed. Have you done these things?

As for wisdom, if it comes only with years then I have everything yet to learn. Yet it seems to me that in the charity wards of hospitals, in the city prisons, in the infirmary, the asylum—even the too brief time spent there has taught me something of human frailty and human sorrow. And if I am right or wrong I do not know, but to me sin has always seemed mostly a sickness of the mind. And it is a shame to endure it or harshly to punish it if there be a cure. And if this is so, what you may have

done, and what others may have done to you, cannot be final. My letter is longer than I meant it, but I had a great need to speak to you. If you still think well of me answer me. Answer in the way it pleases you best. But answer—if you still think well of me. AILSA PAIGE.

A touch of rose still tinted the sky, but already the lamplighters were illuminating the street lamps as Berkley came to London Terrace—that quaint stretch of old-time houses set back from the street, solemnly windowed, roofed and pilastered; decorously screened behind green trees and flowering bushes—ringed by little lawns of emerald.

For a moment, after entering the iron gateway and mounting the steps, he stood looking up at Ailsa's abode. Overhead the silken folds of the flag hung motionless in the calm evening air, and all the place about him was sweet with the scent of bridal-wreath and early iris.

Then, at his tardy summons, the door of her house opened to him. He went in and stood in the faded drawing-room, where the damask curtain folds were drawn against the primrose dusk and a single light glimmered like a star high among the pendent prisms of the chandelier.

Later a servant came and gave the room more light. Then he sat down and waited for a long while. And at last she entered

Her hands were cold—he noticed it as the fingers touched his briefly and were withdrawn. She had scarcely glanced at him, and she had not yet uttered a word when they were seated. It lay with him entirely, so far.

"What a lazy hound I have been," he said, smiling. "I have no excuses to save my hide—no dogs ever have. Are you well, Ailsa?"

She made the effort: "Yes, perfectly. I fear ——" Her eyes rested on his face; she said no more because she could not.

He made leisurely all proper and formal inquiries concerning the Craigs and those he had met there, mentioned pleasantly his changed fortunes; spoke of impending and passing events, of the war, of the movement of troops, of the chances for a battle, which the papers declared was imminent.

Old Jonas shuffled in with the Madeira and a decanter of brandy, it being now nearly eight o'clock.

Later, while Berkley was still carelessly bearing the burden of conversation, the clock struck nine times, and in another incredibly brief interval it struck ten.

He started to rise, and encountered her swiftly lifted eyes. A flush grew and deepened on his face and he resumed his place in silence. When again he was seated she drew unconsciously a long, deep breath and inclined her head to listen. But Berkley had no more to say to her—and much that he must not say to her. And she waited a long while, eyes bent steadily on the velvet carpet at her feet.

The silence endured too long; she knew it, but could not yet break it, or the spell that cradled her tired heart, or the blessed surcease from the weariness of waiting.

Yet the silence was lasting too long and must be broken quickly.

She looked up, startled, as he rose to take his leave. It was the only way now, and she knew it. And oh, the time had sped too fast for her, and her heart failed her for all the things that remained unsaid—all the kindness she had meant to give him, all the counsel, the courage, the deep sympathy, the deeper friendship.

But her hand lay limply, coldly in his; her lips were mute, tremulously curving; her eyes asked nothing more.

"Good night, Ailsa."

"Good night."

There was color still in his young face, grace still in his body, in the slightly lowered head as he looked down at her chilled hand lying lifelessly in his own.

"I must not come again, Ailsa."

Then her pulses died. "Why?"

"Because—I am afraid to love you."

It did not seem that she even breathed, so deathly still she stood. "Is that—your reason?"

"Yes. I have no right to love you."

She could scarcely speak. "Is—friendship not enough?"

"It is too late for friendship. You know it."

"That cannot be."

"Why, Ailsa?"

"Because it is nothing but friendship—mistaken friendship, if you will—that moves you now in every word that you say to me." She raised her candid gaze to his. "Is there never to be an end to your self-murder? Tell me."

"I tell you that there is nothing good left living in me! It has been killed."

"And if it were true—did you never hear of a resurrection?"

"I—warn you!"

"I hear your warning."

"You dare let me love you? You know that you do not want me to love you."

They stood closely confronted, paling under the effort of self-mastery. And his was giving way, threatening hers with every quickening pulse.

"Ailsa!"

"Please"—she said—"if you will let me go ——"

Her slender figure trembled against him. There was a scent of tears in her breath—a fragrance as her body relaxed, yielded, embraced; her hands, her lids, her hair, her mouth, all his now for the taking, as he took her into his arms. But he only stared down at what lay there in his arms; and, trembling, her eyes unclosed and she looked up blindly into his face.

"Because I—love," she sighed, "I believe in all that—that I have—never—seen—in you."

"I Won It Fairly, and I'm Going to Stake It All on One Last Bet"

"I am going mad over you, Ailsa. There is only sorrow for you in that madness. It is inconceivable that you would marry me."

"Ask me."

"You would not marry me if I told you ——"

"What?"

"I will not tell you!"

"Are you—married?"

"No!"

"Then tell me!"

"No! I can't throw this hour away."

"Tell me. I promise to marry you anyway. I promise it, whatever you are! Tell me."

"I ——" An ugly red stained neck and forehead; his embrace suddenly hurt her so that she cried out faintly, but her hand closed on his.

"Tell me, tell me, tell me!" she pleaded. "I know you are half-crazed by something—some dreadful thing that has been done to you ——" and ceased, appalled at the distorted visage he turned on her. His arms relaxed and fell away from her.

Released, she stood as though stunned, pressed both hands to her lids, then let her arms fall, inert.

For a moment they confronted one another; then he straightened up and squared his shoulders.

"No," he said; "I won't tell you!"

He swayed a little, swung blindly on his heel and turned out into the hall.

Then, with trembling hands she shut out the sight of him from her eyes, crouching there against the wall; and he opened the door, making his way out into the night.

Drunk as though drugged, his whirling thoughts pierced his heart like flames, whispering, urging him to go back—take her once more into his arms and keep her there through life, through death.

To know that she, too, had been fighting herself stirred every fiber in him to a fiercer recklessness that halted him in his tracks under the calm stars. But what held him there was something else—perhaps what he believed had died in him; for he did not even turn again. And at last, through the dark and throbbing silence he moved on again at random, jaws set.

At a dark crossing he ran blindly into a moving horse; was pushed aside by its cloaked rider with a curse; stood dazed, while his senses slowly returned—first, hearing, and his ears were filled with the hollow trample of many horses; then vision, and in the dark street before him he saw the column of shadowy horsemen riding slowly in fours, knee to knee, starlight sparkling on spur and bit and saber-guard.

Officers walked their lean horses beside the column. One among them drew bridle near him, calling out: "Have you the right time?"

Berkley looked at his watch.

"Midnight."

"Thank you, friend."

Berkley stepped to the curbstone. "What regiment is that?"

"Eighth New York."

"Leaving?"

"Going into camp. Yorkville."

Berkley said: "Do you want a damned fool?"

"We can stand a few more first-class men. Come up to camp tomorrow, friend. If you can pass the surgeons I guess it will be all right."

And he prodded his tired horse forward along the slowly moving column of fours.

X

ANGRY, incensed, at moments almost beside herself with grief and shame and fiery self-contempt, Ailsa Paige awaited the letter which he must write.

Day after day she brooded, intent, obsessed, fiercely pondering his obliteration.

But no letter came.

. . . . . .

No letter came that week, nor Monday, nor at the end of the next week, nor the beginning of the next.

Wrath at night had dried her eyes where she lay crying in her humiliation; wrath diminished as the days passed; scorn became less rigid, anger grew tremulous. Then what was lurking near her pillow lifted a pallid head. Fear!

Long she endured; pride died a thousand wretched deaths in her tender breast; pride died in an agony of indecision and self-reproach—died, struggled in tortured resurrection, was beaten to its knees, lay prone, heedless, insensible to the alarms of honor, duty, self-respect.

Letter after letter to him she destroyed, and fell ill of the tension or, perhaps, of a heavy cold caught in the rain where she had walked for hours aimlessly, unable to bear her longing and her desolation.

Doctor Benton attended her. The pretty volunteer nurse came to sit with her during convalescence.

The third week in June she was well enough to dress. And on that day she came to her shameful decision.

She wrote him—waited a dreary week for an answer; wrote him again; waited two weeks; wrote him a third

(Continued on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 9, 1910

Our Spot-Light Solons

NATIONAL forests, controlled by the Federal Government, comprise nearly two hundred million acres. On this land the trees will be protected from wholesale destruction by fire. Timber will be cut intelligently, the young trees being saved so that the forests will continue from generation to generation. Saving the forests means saving the rainfall and the soil itself. National forests increase and perpetuate national wealth. In our time the Government has done nothing more broadly useful.

But the national forests lie almost wholly in the West. For a dozen years or more, at nearly every session of Congress, the Government has been asked to acquire and conserve some five million acres of timber in the Southern Appalachians, lying about the headwaters of important Southern streams, and a forest tract in the White Mountains. Three presidents have favored the plan. Bills to accomplish it have been passed by the Senate three times and by the House once, but at different sessions. To conserve these forests would be one of the best investments the Government could make; but at this writing the Appalachian forest bill marks time. Uncle Joe views it with disfavor. There was no Appalachian forest reserve when he was a boy. It would take some money from the Treasury; but if the rest of the money that is taken from the Treasury were so profitably expended there would be little outcry about national extravagance. The bill meets the hoary objection that is brought against nearly every useful measure—namely, that to conserve Eastern forests would be unconstitutional, although conserving Western forests is perfectly constitutional. But the great stumbling-blocks are apathy and dullness. There has been no political hurrah over the bill; the spot-light does not play upon it; so why should a statesman bother himself about it? To the South especially the measure would be immensely beneficial; but, when a like bill was up for passage last year, one-quarter of the Southern Congressmen did not vote upon it at all.

Cheer Up and Wait Till 2310

"FIGURES," says a valued contemporary, "uphold President Taft and the new tariff." The figures are supplied by the Bureau of Statistics and cover imports for the nine months ending April 30. They are expected, we read, "to prove the strongest argument yet advanced" in favor of the Payne-Aldrich bill.

According to these official figures, then, the average duty on all imports under the new act was only 20.91 per cent, whereas the year before, under the Dingley law, the average duty was 22.73 per cent. The average duty on dutiable imports was 41.73 per cent, against 42.41 per cent under the Dingley law. In short, after all the vast commotion which tariff revision involved, we get a reduction of duty amounting to sixty-eight hundredths of one per cent as to dutiable imports, or to almost two per cent as to all imports, free and dutiable combined.

From 1870 to 1905 the number of establishments manufacturing iron and steel fell from 808 to 606; the value of their products rose from two hundred millions to nine hundred millions. The number of woolen manufactories fell from 3208 to 1213; the value of their products rose from under two hundred millions to nearly four hundred millions. The number of establishments manufacturing cotton rose from 956 to 1077, but the value of their products increased from a hundred and seventy millions to four hundred and forty millions. This barely suggests the growth of our manufactures and the extent to which they have been consolidated or "trustified." And since 1870 the Republican party has vouchsafed us a reduction of 2.22 per cent in the duty on manufactures—or, to be exact, on all dutiable imports. This is at the rate of one per cent every eighteen years. At that rate it will take only four hundred years to get the tariff down to reasonable limits. No wonder the President regards the figures complacently! But we do not think any insurgent will be dismayed by them.

The Strength of Gigantic Banks

SOME years ago there were six certain banks in Chicago, the largest having about thirty million dollars of assets. By a gradual process of centralization the six banks have finally been consolidated into one institution with two hundred million dollars of assets. A journal devoted to banking, in four recent weekly issues covering one month, reports eight bank consolidations in as many cities, from Pennsylvania to California and from Illinois to Texas. At something like that rate bank consolidations have been going on for several years. More than once it has been rumored that the two largest banks in New York—each the result of consolidations—would merge, forming one institution with more than four hundred million dollars of assets. Good judges have regarded the rumors as inherently probable. Moreover, between some of the largest banks there is rather close relationship.

In all this one may find a drift toward the best available substitute for a central bank. The thing that is economically expedient usually manages to get itself accomplished whether legislation helps it or not—even when legislation does its best to hinder. One more big bank merger in New York and one in Chicago, with a community of interest between the two consolidated concerns, would give us a really dominating institution.

Watering Railroad Stock

"WE FAVOR such national legislation and supervision as will prevent the overissue of stocks and bonds by interstate carriers," says the Republican platform. Congress had doubts upon the subject; but, in appointing a commission to investigate and report, it has taken a step which, probably, will mark the end of stock-watering and of a great fraud upon the public.

The capitalization for a mile of the Northern Pacific is twice that of the Great Northern. Both carry freight between the same points for the same price. So do the Erie and the Wabash, although the former is capitalized at a hundred and seventy thousand dollars a mile and the latter at only seventy thousand. Pointing to these facts, apologists say there is no relationship between capitalization and freight rates, and that stock-watering harms nobody. But whenever the question of the reasonableness of freight rates is raised you will find the same apologists saying that in their most prosperous year the railroads, as a whole, paid dividends amounting to only four per cent on their outstanding stock—a low return. Now if a third of that stock was water, then the dividends amounted to six per cent on the legitimate issue—a reasonable return. If half the stock was water the true return on the investment was eight per cent—a high rate. Unless you know approximately how much water is in the stocks it is impossible to say whether rates, in the mass, are reasonable, for the only measure of the reasonableness of rates is found in the return which they yield upon the legitimate investment. Moreover, stock-watering is frequently a means to stock-market thimblerigging. Even without legislative action the Rock Island and Alton performances would hardly be repeated nowadays. Thanks to Roosevelt and other causes, high finance is becoming civilized.

The International Prison Congress

TO PRESERVE the peace, and in dealing with crime, Massachusetts spends some six million dollars a year, or a tenth of all the money raised by taxation for all purposes. If that ratio applied to the country at large all the states would be spending about a hundred millions annually for the purposes mentioned. But the direct money cost, whatever it may be, is the smallest item in this budget. Prisoners produce little and consume much. Sometimes their families become public dependents. Probably seven times out of ten imprisonment, even for a short time, takes something from a man—leaves him less able to make his way; less a man. The total social cost, therefore, is large. The necessary cost of dealing with crime, whatever it may be, society must meet; but those who have studied the subject most intelligently agree that a good deal of the present cost is unnecessary; that, on the whole, we deal with crime wastefully and ineffectually.

In 1904 nearly two million arrests were made in the United States, but of those arrested less than a hundred and fifty thousand had done anything bad enough to merit imprisonment under the law. A great many more were locked up, but only because they could not pay a fine—as though locking them up would help them to pay it! What creditor nowadays, except the state, says to a debtor, "You cannot, at the moment, pay this fifty dollars and costs which you owe me; therefore I will shut you up in idleness, make you lose your job and put a disgraceful brand upon you, thereby destroying or diminishing your power of paying it in the future"?

Next October the International Prison Congress will meet at Washington—its first convention in this country, although an American, Doctor Wines, took a leading part in organizing it thirty-eight years ago. The subjects it will discuss—criminal law and procedure, prison administration, treatment of criminals, prevention of crime, juvenile delinquency—comprise a great social movement to which intelligent nations pay increasing attention.

Those Cotton-Pool Indictments

INDICTING Mr. Patten and others for their bull operations on the Cotton Exchange merely adds one more picturesque and exciting feature to the speculative game. It is very much like passing a law that a man may play poker all he pleases, but if he wins he shall be liable to thirty days in jail. Heretofore the problem that confronted the bull has contained several delicate factors: How much actual stuff could the shorts deliver to him? Could he raise spot cash with which to pay for all possible deliveries? How much of this actual stuff could he sell to the spinners at a given price? When the shorts had delivered as much as possible could he squeeze enough out of them, on their remaining short contracts, to cover his losses in selling the actual stuff to the spinners? In calculating these factors accurately lay all the hazard and zest of the game. Hereafter, apparently, another and still more delicate factor must enter into his calculations—namely, just how much can he squeeze the shorts without getting himself indicted? As this increases the hazard, so, for a true sport, it will increase the zest of the game. Gentlemen addicted to that form of gambling which is conducted on the Cotton Exchange ought to thank the Government for making it more exciting. Other persons, perhaps, will be sorry to see the Government merely paltering with a great abuse. Indicting a handful of bulls who happened to win leaves the wrong and harm of gambling in cotton just what it was before.

Insurgency in Illinois

WE CANNOT echo Senator Lorimer's lament that party ties in his state have relaxed to a great degree. Illinois' interest in the tariff, for example, is precisely the same as the interest of Indiana on the east, Iowa on the west and Wisconsin on the north; but she had nobody in the upper house of Congress to represent that interest and not many in the lower house. What would happen in Illinois if the Senate should, upon investigation of the bribery charges, declare Mr. Lorimer's seat vacant? What would be the chance of electing as his successor—as fellow to Beveridge, Dolliver, Cummins, Bristow, La Follette—a free man, representing the people, whether he called himself a Republican or a Democrat, as against the chance that the two party machines, working in loyal bipartisan harmony, would put over a candidate duly tied to the interests that they equally represent? We should dearly like to see a powerful outburst of insurgency in Illinois—justifying the junior Senator's lament.

Work and Worry

ONE of the ablest business men in the country, although not one of the most widely advertised, recently gave this account of himself: Age, forty-five; began working at a desk when fourteen; has been working at a desk almost every day since, except Sundays, averaging ten to twelve hours a day; in thirty-one years has never taken a vacation that did not involve business; plays no outdoor game, or any indoor game either; takes no exercise, unless a little motoring summer evenings and Sundays could be called exercise; is fit as a fiddle; turns out his nine or ten hour grist daily with ease, and is ready for more. "It isn't work for me to come down to business in the bank," he says; "it's a pleasure."

To this should be added: He takes no stimulants and he doesn't fret. A man who can work without worrying can stand almost any amount of it and keep in tiptop condition. The college athletics by which we set so much store merely touch the surface. As often as not the crack oarsman or halfback is the first to break under the strain of business. In modern conditions, except for manual laborers, a man's power of resistance lies not in his muscles but in his nerves. And for sound nerves—in spite of materialistic science—we would bank more upon a state of mind than upon a state of body. In a large way, not to worry means not to take yourself too seriously; to keep a sense of proportion by which, after all, you appear as merely a transitory dot.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Cy

ONCE upon a pleasant summer afternoon a cook employed in an imposing New York mansion—by name Miss Pansy Magusalem, age twenty-seven and weight one hundred and ninety-two pounds—becoming peevish over some kitchen difficulty, endeavored to forget her troubles through the medium of a bottle of gin.

It is quite possible she succeeded in eliminating her original annoyances from the scope of her recollection. There are no data on that point. What is extremely well known is that later in the afternoon she stood sponsor to a lot of hitherto unsuspected troubles; created a fresh crop, it may be said.

According to a well-known scientific law, when a cook-lady, aged twenty-seven and in the full flush of robust health, as is evidenced by her one hundred and ninety-two pounds, absorbs the greater part of a bottle of gin on a summer afternoon there is bound to be action. There was action. Miss Magusalem, objecting to the facial contour of the butler, endeavored to remodel said facial contour with a skillet, and made an effective if somewhat mussy job of it. Others, attracted by the confusion incident to the operation, came within the sphere of the skillet and Miss Magusalem. When they had left that sphere they pronounced her course in dermatology instantaneous and comprehensive, even if not strictly ethical.

When the butler had garnered his nose and some of his other features from the floor he rushed to the telephone and called for the police, the firemen, the ambulance, the whitewings and the mayor. All came except the mayor. It was before the days of Gaynor, else he would have been there too. Miss Magusalem was reigning triumphantly in her kitchen, with her skillet for a scepter, when the police and firemen entered. Whereupon, taking a violent dislike to these strangers and resenting their intrusion, Miss Magusalem grabbed a rolling-pin to help, turned loose on the minions of the law and drove them to the area, cracking a casual head now and then as the driving progressed. Reserves were summoned, and after many a brave bluecoat had bitten the cement Miss Magusalem was thrown—rather rudely, it must be confessed—into the patrol wagon and taken to the station, with five cops sitting on her to hold her down. The ceremonies attending her induction to the station set two or three more policemen to yelling for first aid to the injured, and before they landed her in a cell she had handed the lieutenant a couple and had well-nigh devastated the fine body of men who were waiting for detail.

Cy's of All Sizes

MIND you, I am not citing the occurrences of this summer afternoon either in defense or justification of Miss Magusalem. I admit that any cook-lady, no matter who, forgets the obligations of her femininity when she goes so far as to whip nine or ten policemen hand-running. It would have been as well, perhaps, if she had stopped with the butler, who was an English butler anyhow, and therefore deserving of all he got. That is not the purpose of this narrative. What I want to celebrate is the illuminating genius of an editor who got the story, told in half a column, and ran it on the first page, with this simple heading over it:

PANSY

Just that, and nothing more.

Most of our literary critics, hebetudinously telling us what American humor is, assert that one of its essential elements is contrast. Hence, that editor who headed up the story of Miss Magusalem, turned berserkeress, was a real humorist; but what think you of the thousands who, knowing Cyrus Adams Sulloway, call him Cy? Hastily interpolating the statement that the Iliad of Miss Magusalem was chanted here for the sole purpose of asking that question, I ask it again: What do you think of the thousands who, knowing Cyrus Adams Sulloway, habitually call him Cy?

What can you think except that we are a race of humorists, as regards Cyrus Adams Sulloway anyhow, however shy we may be in that saving grace in other directions, and especially when contemplating the high cost of living? I challenge any person—any person whatsoever, having had a look at Cy—there I go, myself—to prove that hitching Cy to Cy—I can't help it—is not a Gargantuan joke. Considering his vast bulk, if we had the nomenclatory proprieties at heart, we would naturally designate him Oggig'n'magog—the three rolled into one. To be sure, some insist that Ollie James exhibits more beef to the square foot, but I stand for Cy—gigantic, Brobdingnagian Cy.

Cy is Either Six Feet Eleven or Eleven Feet Six

Admitting that comparisons are avoirdupois, I must call attention to the fact that Cy dresses the part better than Ollie. Cy has more respect for his bulk. Often we see Ollie in a sack coat and always with a broadbrimmed felt hat which gives him a sort of a mushroom effect. Did you ever see Cy in a sack coat? Not if Cy saw you first. Cy's makeup is respectful, dignified, appropriate. He wears a long-tailed coat and a high hat. He does not jam that massive frame of his into a snippy, little, short sacker, but walks in tremendous triumph shrouded in a grand garment that envelops him in majesty and magnificence, and flops with ceaseless cadence against his lavish legs.

Cy is either six feet eleven or eleven feet six. It makes no difference. He towers above his colleagues on the Republican side even as the Washington Monument towers above the tourists and tourines. Nor is it one of those spindling eminences he displays, but full and solid and broad and beefy, with spreading shoulders and massive arms and columnar legs and praiseworthy paunch. Nothing of the beanpole about Cy. I should say not! No! The mighty oak! That's it. The mighty oak!

When he walks down the center aisle of the House of Representatives, and he has been walking down the center aisle for some fifteen years now, having represented the imperial state of New Hampshire for that length of time imperially, the building rocks, the chandeliers tinkle, the flag behind the Speaker's desk shakes violently, and dozing members start and ask anxiously for whom they are firing the salute over at Fort Myer, and wondered, whether Teddy had come back ahead of time. Ponderously paradoxical, he resembles the rear end of a hack and comes in like a load of hay.

And we call him Cy! As well call Mount Washington Georgie. I submit he was well named—Cyrus—who was a very considerable person, if my memory serves me right, in the original instance. We fail to find that our old college chums, Herodotus and Xenophon, ever referred to the original Cyrus as Cy, and I'll bet he wasn't half so big as our Cy, nor of any importance whatsoever when they wrote about him, being dead. Still, those were historians, not humorists like Cy's friends, the difference between a historian and a humorist being that the humorist admits what he says has no particular bearing on the matter under discussion.

Cy! Pish! Cy and Si are the generic terms for rubes, and I desire to say there is neither hay nor hayseed attached to our Cy—no, indeed—but wait—wait a minute; I forgot those whiskers. Perhaps—it may be—those whiskers are a tribute to the principal crop of Cy's native state, for he was born in New Hampshire some seventy years ago and has always lived there. After the usual New Hampshire training in the legislature—every native son of New Hampshire is supposed to serve a few terms in the legislature, that body being of sufficient size to accommodate a considerable proportion of the male population of the state at each session—he came to Washington, serving his first term as a Representative in the Fifty-fourth Congress. He is chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions and most of his work is in pension matters, which means he works very hard indeed. Cy is a kindly, genial, popular man, who doesn't talk unless he has something to say, is always regular and will stand for any length of time without hitching

He deserves a more dignified appellation. His very bulk demands it. Therefore, I propose a national association for the purpose of speaking of Cy Sulloway—oh, what's the use? There is no chance.

Cy! And as big as a house!

Extra-Unanimous

A DEFEATED candidate for nomination to office at an Indiana state convention rose in response to repeated cries for a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen and fellow-Republicans," he said, "I want to be the first to congratulate my successful opponent on his victory, and I hope at the election next November he will be unanimously elected by a good vote."

Tables Turned

HENRY W. TAFT, brother of President Taft, and former law-partner of Attorney-General Wickersham, was riding up to the lunchroom of the City Midday Club in New York, one day. There were two other men in the car, one apparently a Western man and the other a New Yorker.

The Western man asked: "Who was this man Wickersham anyhow, before Taft made him Attorney-General?"

"He was a well-known lawyer here in New York and a member of one of the best firms in the city," the New York man replied.

"What sort of business did he do?"

"Principally advising the trusts and great corporations."

"Well," said the Western man, "all I've got to say is that he must have given them mighty bad advice, or else he's all wrong now."

But Smith Came Back

A MUCH-BATTERED young man came into a hotel and wabbled up to the desk.

"How do you do?" asked the clerk. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to have Room Thirteen," said the battered young man.

"Room Thirteen?" asked the clerk, turning to look at the room-rack. "Why, I cannot give you that room. It is already occupied. But I can give you another room."

"Nope. Must have Room Thirteen."

"But I cannot give you that room. It is occupied."

"By whom?"

"Mr. R. R. Smith."

"That's all right," said the young man. "I'm R. R. Smith. I just fell out of the window."

A Matter of Some Weight

PRESIDENT TAFT, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Moore and Captain Butt went out to the Naval Observatory to see the comet.

A new man was running the observatory elevator. After the Presidential party was aboard he started to go up, turned the lever the wrong way, dropped a little and then stuck

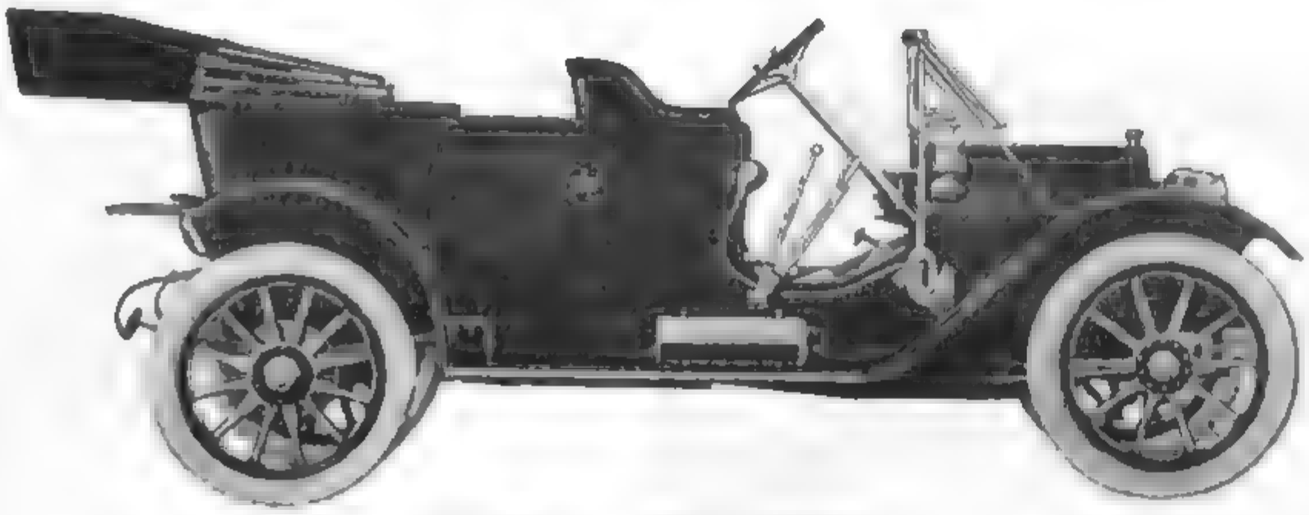
"What's the matter?" asked Captain Butt.

"They's too much weight on the car," the new elevator man replied.

Mrs. Taft laughed, but the President didn't hear what the elevator man said

After the party had left the elevator another employee, who had recognized Mr. Taft, said to the new elevator man, "That was the President you brought up."

"Is that so?" asked the new elevator man. "I never seen him before. I might have knowed, too, that he was too puny to be one of them astronomers."



Chalmers "30" Touring Car, $1500

115 inch wheel base, 34 inch wheels. Carries five in perfect comfort under all conditions. Tonneau has been lengthened and made wider on front line of rear seat.

Chal
MOTO

Announcement

IN announcing the Chalmers models for 1911, the most noteworthy fact is that in all vital features they remain the same as the cars that have created world's records for efficiency, endurance, and speed—such as winning the Indiana and Massapequa trophies—blazing the way from Denver to Mexico City and mapping the path for the Glidden Tour of 1910. Trade papers last year gave the Chalmers the title of "Champion Cars."

The best evidence of Chalmers merit, however, is not the trophies won in tests of all kinds, but thousands of satisfied users, the majority of whom have the means to purchase cars of any kind.

The people who buy Chalmers cars are those who know how to judge motor car values regardless of prices and advertising claims.

Many of the Chalmers buyers are of the class to whom money does not have to be an object. People who can pay any prices constantly show their preference for the medium priced Chalmers.

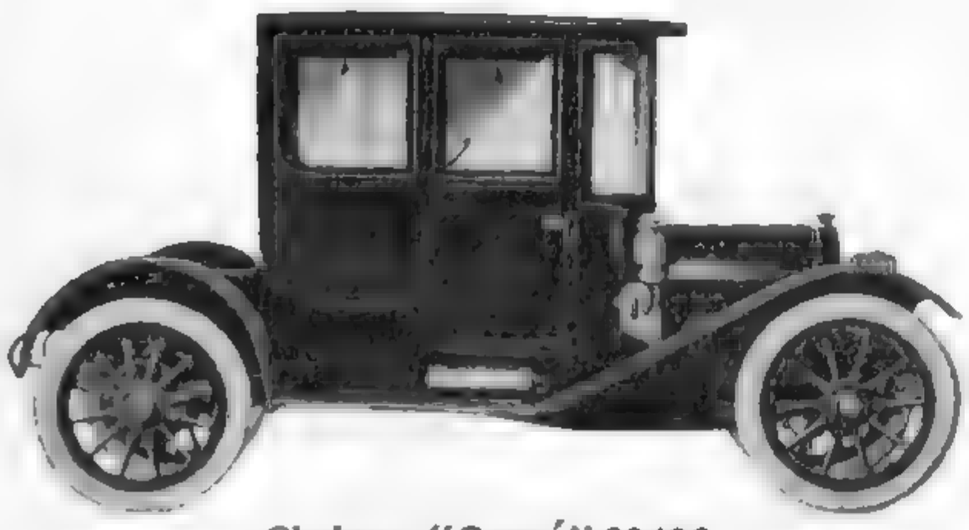
Look over the list of automobile buyers in your own community and see if these statements are not true. Talk to some of the Chalmers owners; their enthusiasm will prove our claims.

In general, the greatest improvement on the 1911 Chalmers consists in refinement of detail, like the artist's final touch to the masterpiece. Lines have been beautified in body and fender, so that—viewed from any angle—no car, whether it costs $5,000 or more, affords more eye-delight than the Chalmers.

On luxury-priced cars, the purchaser naturally expects not only the highest standard of workmanship, but the most costly materials, whether upholstery, trimmings or paint. Never before has it been possible to duplicate this excellence in a moderate priced car—for example, the Chalmers "30" receives sixteen coats of paint, requiring five weeks to finish it.

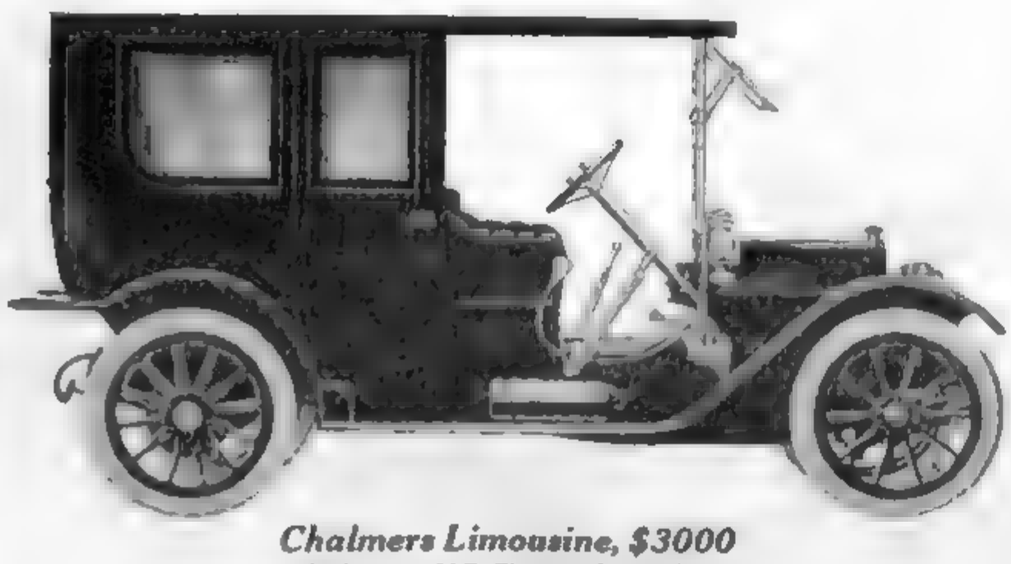
In detail—the curves just back of the tonneau doors have been straightened out, making the low, rakish, straight-lined bodies which every maker strives so hard to obtain. The seats have been lowered, adding materially to the riding comfort.

The tonneaus of both "30" and "Forty" have been made longer and wider. The fenders have been changed slightly, adding to the graceful appearance of the car and at the same time affording greater protection from water and mud.



Chalmers "Coupé," $2400

Built on "30" Chassis, seats for three, extra seat facing driver. This price includes complete equipment. These bodies are of the finest materials and handsomely finished.

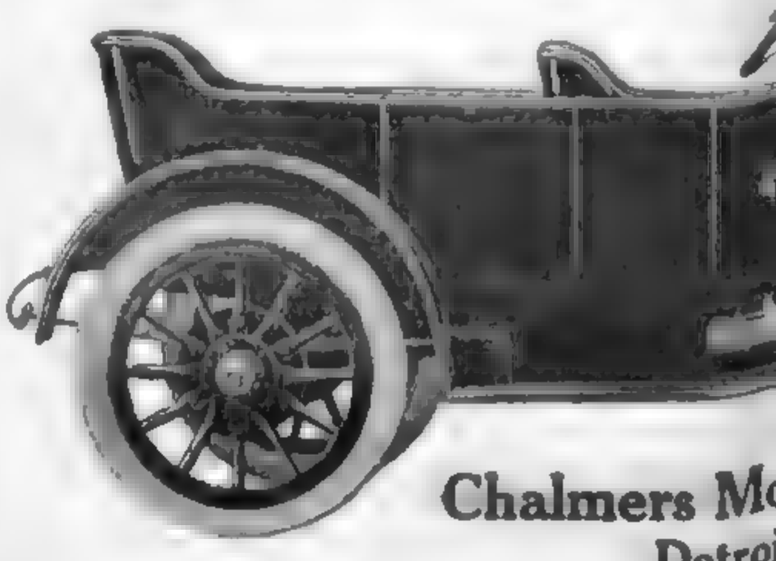


Chalmers Limousine, $3000

Built on "30" Chassis. Landaulet at same price. Both have inside seats for five, facing forward. This price includes complete equipment.

Chalmers "Forty" Torpedo Body

122 inch wheel base.
36 inch wheels.



Chalmers M
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mers
R CARS
of 1911 Models

The angle of the steering post has been changed slightly so as to allow more space between steering wheel and driving seat.

The brackets supporting the running boards are fastened inside the frame, making the exterior of the car appear perfectly smooth.

Note the wide, beautiful doors. Hinges and door locks are furnished by a famous lock manufacturer; no better can be bought.

On the "30" the dash, heel boards, and the door strips are of black walnut, on the "Forty" Circassian walnut. All handles, mouldings, levers, etc., are shapely and massive.

The battery box has been placed under the rear seat and a tool box big enough to hold a pump placed on the left running board, a change that every driver will praise.

Both the "30" and "Forty" motors remain unchanged in principle although small refinements of detail and workmanship insure that they will be even smoother running and quieter than ever before, without sacrifice of power which is too often the case in so-called "silent" cars. New style carburetors are used on both motors and their economy and uniformity of operation under all conditions will surprise every buyer.

On the "30," we furnish a Bosch magneto, big new-style gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank and a special Chalmers top—all for $200 additional.

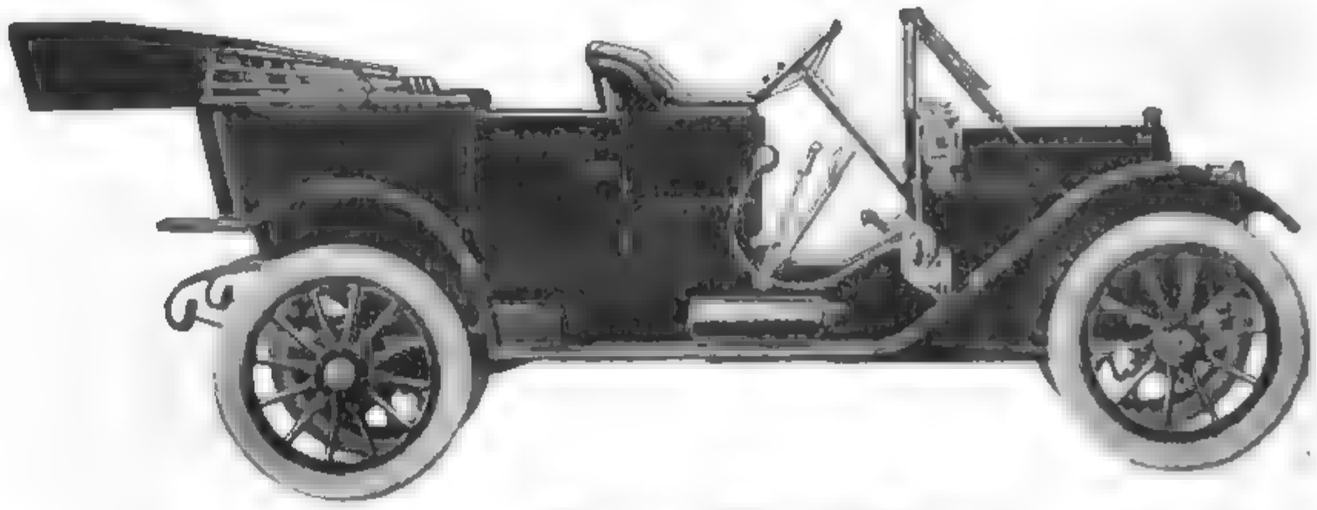
These tops, of special Mohair or Pantasote, are made in our own shops and designed to fit and look best on Chalmers cars. They are equal in quality to tops furnished on the highest priced cars.

As in former years, the Chalmers principle is not to make as many cars as possible, but to make them as good as possible. Chalmers cars are built on a quality, not a quantity basis. We regret that we could not furnish cars of the 1910 models for all who wanted them. We fear that some may have been offended at being told they could not get the cars they wanted: It is sometimes easier to tell a man he can't have a thing than to show him why he ought to have it.

We would like to take care of everyone who wants a Chalmers car, and yet it is not our ambition to build cars in very large quantities; hence we would advise you to place your order early.

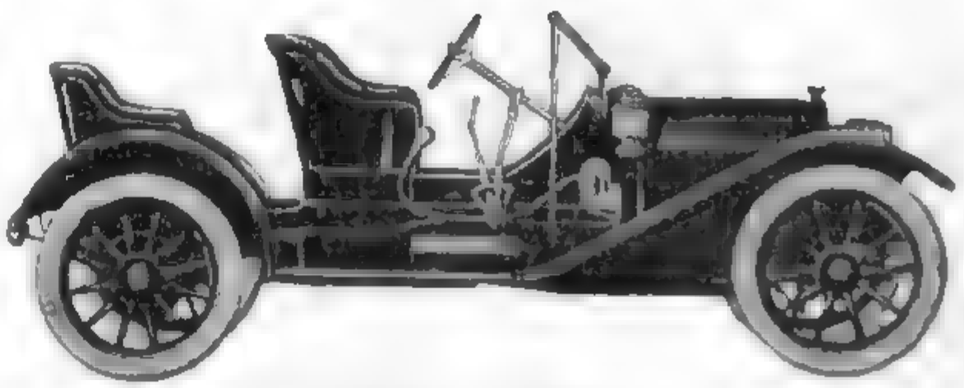
Demonstrating cars are being sent to our dealers all over the country this month. Deliveries to customers begin August first.

Write for the new catalog and name of the nearest dealer.



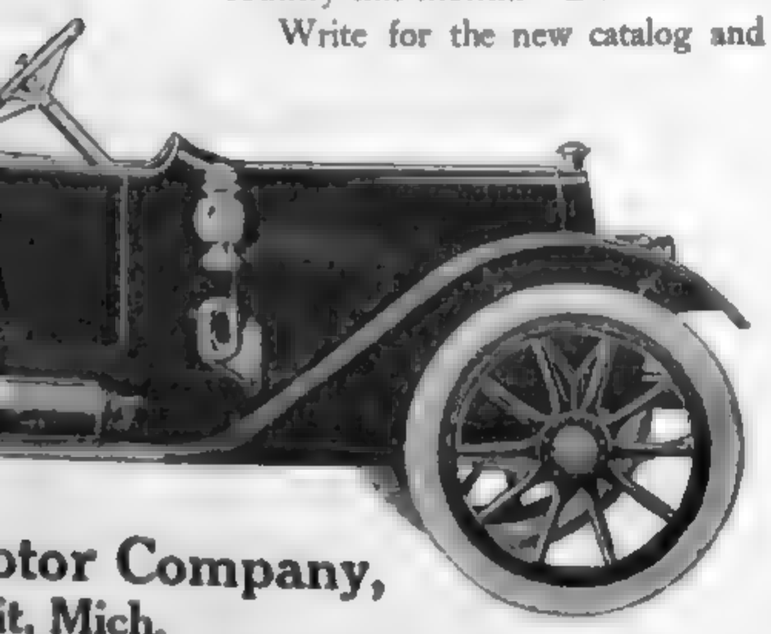
Chalmers "Forty" Touring Car, $2750

Including Bosch magneto, gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite Tank, 122 inch wheel base, 36 inch wheels; seven passenger capacity. Two auxiliary seats $50 extra.



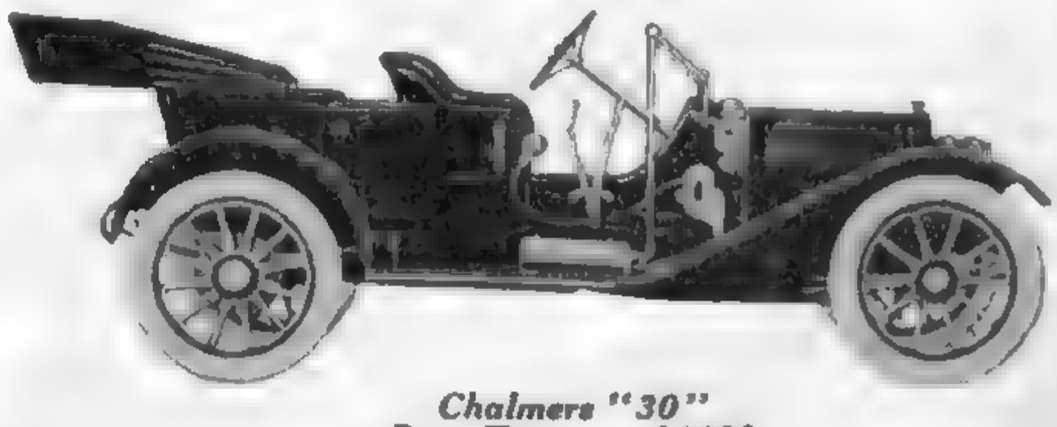
Chalmers "Forty" Roadster, $2750

122 inch wheel base, 36 inch wheels. Price includes Bosch magneto, gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite Tank. We also make a "30" Roadster at $1500.



Price, $3000, including Bosch magneto

Gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite Tank and five demountable rims.



Chalmers "30" Pony Tonneau, $1600

115 inch wheel base, 34 inch wheels.

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er Selden Patent)

Radiator

"You thought it was home-made!"

GIVE Campbell's Tomato Soup for the first time to a man who is used to having the best of everything on his table; and he is sure to think it is home-made. And he thinks the cook is a wonder.

If you are a very particular housewife, you are surprised too the first time you eat

Campbells'
Tomato Soup

The first taste tells you that this perfect soup is prepared with the same care and daintiness that you insist on for your own table. And it is made of the same choice ingredients that you would select if you had our opportunities for obtaining the best.

Our farms and our factory are near together in southern New Jersey where the finest tomatoes grow. We have improved apparatus and advanced methods of our own. And we have our own blending formula; which even you will envy for its richness and tempting flavor.

But try it and see. If any Campbell's Soup fails to hit your taste exactly the grocer hands back the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Our handy Menu Book will give you many a useful hint just when you want it. Free on request.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

Why so happy, little girl—
With silken sash and hair a'curl?
"'Cause they's company to tea
And there'll be *Campbell's Soup* for me."

The Senator's Secretary

THESE, dear brethren, are tightwad times. Those champions of the people's good and advocates of purity in elections—the corporations—are failing to produce. It is as hard to get a dollar out of a predatory plute, for political purposes, as it is to forecast the next place T. R. will break out. They have glued themselves to their money, these malefactors of great wealth who used to come across with a few thousand, now and then, for the election expenses of those of our statesmen who could be depended upon to vote right when anything came along that might crimp a worthy corporation or pinch a predaceous plute.

There is nothing doing. Many a Senator who must go before the people this fall for reëlection and who has always been "right," so far as "the interests" are concerned, has passed the hat to the corporations that used to respond, and has garnered nothing but a lead quarter or two or a little bunch of Confederate money. Many a Representative who in the past has eked out his payroll with a few dollars for the boys has been the rounds and has arrived at his starting-place with less money than he had when he began, having been obliged to pay his railroad fare and personal expenses. These are dun and desperate times. It is even within the bounds of human possibility that here and there a great statesman will fall by the wayside because of the heartlessness of the giant corporations which he has protected during all his public career—the absolute heartlessness and lack of consideration for services performed.

Apparently "the interests" have frozen themselves to their unearned increment. They cannot be separated from a dollar. They listen and express sympathy, but they honor no drafts and they sign no checks, nor do they hand out any yellow-backed money, which, by the way, is the only kind of legal tender one gentleman should offer another in cases of this kind. They feel deeply for the men who have fought their battles, but they cannot go to the extent of providing any financial assistance whatever. It is a situation that calls for desperate measures and desperate language. The language is desperate enough, but the measures are not so desperate as they may be before they all get out of conference.

When Corporations Contributed

It has been a good many years since there has been any actual buying or selling of Congressional influence. By that I mean it has been a good many years since the individual acted with the individual in matters of this kind. I doubt if there ever was a tenth as much of it as has been alleged. Lobbies do not spend money on men. They spend money on politics. Thus, when a regular Republican, say, is in danger of defeat—a man who has always acted with the majority and has always been "right"—it has been the custom for the bosses to collect a pot of money for him for use in his campaigns. It costs money to be elected to the Senate or the House, especially in these days of primaries and all the increased expenses; and by costing money I mean money that is legitimately expended for political purposes, for organization and publicity, and all that.

Now in the old days, when a corporation wanted protection, either in a tariff bill or elsewhere, the men who ran that corporation were told it would be necessary to contribute so much to a Presidential fund, for example, in return for such promises as were wanted. The contributions were made, and the men in control of Senate or House saw to it that the goods desired were delivered. The contributions went to the bosses, who used them for politics, and the bosses delivered the votes or the influence in return. The bosses did not pouch the money. They spent it for politics, where it would do most good.

Since the first McKinley campaign, in 1896, when there were several millions collected and spent, this has been the procedure. It was the procedure in several highly organized states, notably in New York, before that. Contributions were made to the State Committee by the corporations, and the political boss spent those contributions in electing men who would be faithful to his machine, both at Albany and at Washington, perpetuate his power and vote as he told them to. The boss never took any of the money personally, but he always delivered his men and spent the money in the campaigns, and a lot more of his own besides.

Some of the larger corporations contributed regularly to both sides. They gave the side likeliest to win the most, but they gave the other side something, in case of accident. There were, practically, three collectors. First, in Presidential campaigns, the National Committee; then the Congressional Campaign Committee, and then the State Committee. It tailed off to county and district committees, of course, but these were the three big collectors. Now in off years, if a Senator of the right brand needed some money, there was a supplementary collection for him. In years when members of the House of Representatives were elected—the even years—the Congressional Campaign Committee collected what money it could and prorated it around in the districts of the righteous, with consideration for the necessities of each case.

The Joys of Giving

There were, of course, many individual contributors to all campaigns, none of whom gave without ulterior motive, but many of whom were liberal. The fable of the man who gives money to a political campaign because of his love for the principles or principals of that party has survived a long time, but it always has been a fable. Every man who gives money for politics expects something in return—power, influence, position or protection; mostly protection. It came to be a recognized thing to collect large sums and spend them for the election of the boys who would, in turn, vote with the collectors and as they had promised, and make the whole thing a sort of endless chain.

Along came Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who had considerable wads of money collected for him, by the way, and spent too, and with the Colonel came an end to the peaceful times for the trusts and corporations. They were harassed and hauled over the coals. The boys in the Senate and the House had to do some things they did not want to do, because T. R. forced them to, being expert in the use of the right kind of publicity, the real force in making Senators and Representatives do what they should, or half of what they should, at any rate. There were a lot of crimps put into the corporations, but the boys in the Senate and the House held out to the corporation gentlemen that they were staving off a lot of things that might go through but for their efforts, and the corporations continued shelling out.

However, now that the Colonel is out of the White House and Mr. Taft is in it, the corporations have found that the safe and sane man they helped elect is no safer and saner, from their viewpoint, than was T. R., so far as crimping the corporations is concerned; and that the statesmen in the Senate and House who used to protect them are of no earthly use, not having a dependable majority in either house and being afraid of the cars to such an extent that whenever an insurgent proposes an amendment they usually take it for fear they will have to take it whether they want to or not.

Moreover, with this deplorable condition among the leaders, who used to promise to deliver the requisite number of votes for the protection of the moneyed friends who put up for the campaign funds to keep the right sort of voters in Congress, there has come a general feeling of disapproval of this sort of thing, and a few regulations have been enacted into law which make it quite unsafe to contribute, as corporations. That, as will be seen, puts the shoe on the other foot. It is one thing to contribute fifty thousand dollars of stockholders' money, but quite another to give a thousand dollars of one's own money.

It has come to such a pass that the auditors of the big corporations, especially the big railroad corporations, are unanimous and emphatic in refusing to audit these vouchers. There has been a widespread outbreak of popular feeling against bribery, and here and there a respected citizen has gone to the penitentiary, a condition much to be deplored, but existing just the same.

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In addition to all that, this infernal Interstate Commerce Commission, by virtue of a law passed over the heads of these very men who have been getting the money for these many years, has the right to put experts on the books of the corporations

In the old days, when a big railroad, for example, wanted to put a few thousands or a few scores of thousands into a campaign, or give whatever was decided upon to a Campaign Committee, the man who looked after those things went to the treasurer, made out a voucher for what he needed, took the money and spent it where he thought it would do the most good.

Now what happens? Suppose the man who attends to such things should go to a big railroad corporation and ask for as many thousand dollars as he thought would be needed to help out Brother So-and-so who had always been "right" in the past and would always be so in the future. Would he get it? He would not, and for the reason that there is no way to make a voucher that can get past those inquiring sleuths of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Department of Justice. It isn't morality It's fear.

The gentlemen who have been giving away the stockholders' money have awakened to the fact that, under the law, they cannot give away the stockholders' money any more and not be called to account for it, and prosecuted; they have awakened to the fact that there is no way to get the vouchers passed, and that if they want to contribute they must give the money personally. They are afraid of all this talk of bribery and its results They have become suddenly virtuous and will not help, for far be it from any predaceous plutocrat to give any of his own money, or much of it. He isn't being helped personally, you know, but it is his corporation that is being helped. Besides, one's own money is one's own money, you know.

Some of them may give a thousand or so personally, but the big corporations have closed the safes and locked the doors with a timelock that will not open, for political purposes, until after the coming election. This is why some of our oldest and most esteemed statesmen and patriots are finding it so difficult to discover whether they can come back to Congress or not. Of course some of them have money of their own, but some of them have not. The bulk of the seekers after office are poor, contrary opinion notwithstanding.

These Tightwad Times

These are tightwad times. There is no money in sight. Nor does it look as if there would be much. A whole lot of patriots will have very hard sledding to get back for this reason. They have been abandoned by the corporations.

Said one Senator, better fixed financially than some who desire to return:

"I am having a contest for my seat. It is a costly contest. Up to date I have spent more than sixty thousand dollars, and I shall have to spend more than that before I win. Now, I have that money, and I suppose I shall spend it; but the point I make is this: I have been in the Senate for some time. During all that time I have been loyal to men whom I have thought my friends. I have been hammered until I am black and blue, permanently, for being friendly to 'the interests.' I have been friendly to the interests. I admit that, although I do not admit I have cast any vote that was not, in my judgment, justified by business conditions and for the prosperity of the country in the long run.

"But, as I say, I have been mauled and hauled and muckraked for standing by 'the interests.' I am in this desperate campaign. I have been to 'the interests' and have asked for financial aid for my campaign. Did I get it? I did not. I did not get a dollar, and I have asked frequently All I get is polite sympathy and the damning that comes from the public for being the tool of 'the interests.' It seems to me that I should be just as well off—perhaps better if I had taken a piece of the people's stock of it now and then.

That is almost a literal quotation of the remarks of the aggrieved Senator There are others like him. The corporations have shut down. These are tightwad times. Hence, we may look for a vastly different roll-call in both Senate and House when the Sixty-second Congress goes into session. Many ancient landmarks will be gone. It is sad, sad—but true.

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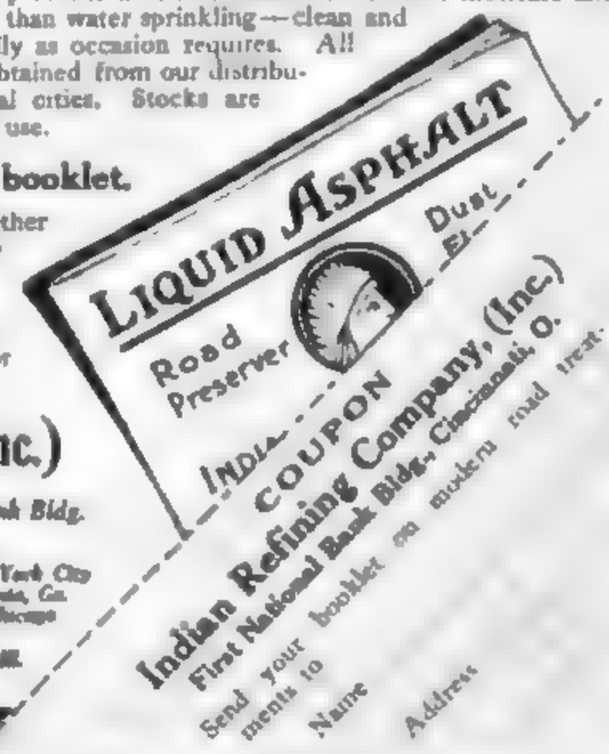

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THE SECRET AGENT

(Continued from Page 14)

"I was wrong," he exclaimed as he slowly and thoughtfully dropped the grains of ammonium carbonate back into the bottle.

"What did you expect?" asked the girl.

Kestner laughed again.

"I expected a few genii," he said as he slowly replaced the silver network in the bottle's throat.

"You're a rather peculiar man," declared the troubled girl. She studied his face wonderingly as she took the emerald-green trinket from his hand.

"But it was a rather peculiar bottle," he parried as he rose to his feet, and for a moment his meditative eyes studied the churning trail in the ship's wake.

XI

KESTNER saw it all in a flash. He saw it while he still stood at the girl's side, with one startled hand clutching at the ship's rail.

It was not Urland. It was not Tawney and his agents. It was the older woman—it was the aunt who was using the girl as a tool, as an unconscious accomplice, as an involuntary catspaw! That idle and much-experienced old *intrigante*, steeped in her febrile passion for adventuring along the frailer margins of safety, was making her niece an unwitting agent in her half-criminal ingenuities. It might have been caprice, or it might have been necessity. The diamond-buying, jewelry-loving old termagant's suspicions may have been aroused after purchasing the stones. She must have learned of the fact that she was being watched, that precautions were being taken to block her move. Such being the case, she had resorted to this audacious yet simple method of accomplishing her end, of outwitting her pursuers, of scoring a wider and more satisfying victory over the ever-vigilant Treasury Department, which an annual purchasing trip to Europe had long since made into an established enemy.

It was a second quick and equally intuitive flash which convinced Kestner that Tawney was the man who had in some way intervened, who had taken the stones from their hiding-place.

Everything pointed to Tawney. He had been in touch with the family in Paris. He had even called at the Ritz. He had in some way learned that the girl was the bearer of the hidden jewels. Knowing that, he had trailed her through Europe. And when the chance came he had stepped in and carried them off.

And if Kestner was not greatly mistaken, the one man to be found and faced without a moment's loss of time was this same Tawney.

The Secret Agent's first move, however, was to get quietly in touch with Todaro and settle on a signal in case he needed help. His next move was to borrow from Todaro his compact, short-barreled pocket revolver, and to make sure it was loaded.

Then he set out in search of Tawney, beginning quietly and methodically, going over the ship as a patrolman goes over his beat.

He found him, quite unexpectedly, in his own cabin, placidly engaged in a game of solitaire. He sat with a suitcase balanced on his knees, and on this he slowly and studiously dealt out the cards from the pack in his hand. He was at the same time pensively smoking a cigarette.

Tawney's habitual air of assurance, his latent note of authority, had been a constant source of worry to Kestner. He felt that it was, in a way, a theft of his own thunder. It was plainly more than mere bravado. It seemed the offhanded fortitude of a combatant placidly conscious of powers as yet unparaded.

Tawney, in fact, did not even look up as Kestner stepped into the cabin and carefully closed the door behind him. Yet the Secret Agent felt sure the other man was conscious of both his presence and his approach. It was only a part of his pose, the pose he played to perfection.

Kestner sat down without speaking.

Tawney, languidly blowing a smoke-wreath ceilingward, could not help but see him. He continued to smoke, peering over at the intruder without surprise and without resentment.

"Tawney, I want to talk to you," began the other man very quietly.

Tawney smoked on, studying the cards laid out on the balanced suitcase as though he had been alone in the room

"In what capacity?" he finally asked, as though speaking to himself.

"In the capacity of the man who imagines he's holding the trump card," was the equally quiet-toned answer.

Tawney lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Then why talk about it?"

He did not look up at his enemy as he spoke. Yet there was a note of reproof, of indirect but deliberate defiance, in his words.

"Why don't you play your trump?"

"I'm going to," admitted Kestner.

Tawney flipped down a card or two before he deigned to speak again.

"Good!" he sighed, with his indifferent smile.

"Tawney," said the Secret Agent, suddenly swinging about and facing him, "I want those diamonds!"

"Diamonds?" echoed the impassive Tawney.

"Eighteen cut and matched white diamonds. And I want them before I go out of this cabin!"

Tawney looked at him. His gaze was one of utter and inexpressible weariness.

"What're you driving at, anyway?" he complained. "What're you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about!"

Tawney shook his head.

"You're raving, man, raving!"

Kestner took out a cigar, struck a match, and sat back in his chair.

"Tawney," he said with his quiet and gentle solemnity, after he had paused for a moment to light the cigar, "I've got your record from the time you left the Atlanta Federal Prison, seven years ago."

Tawney laughed again, pityingly.

"Still raving!" he ejaculated, settling back in his chair, with his head on one side, as though preoccupied with his estimate of a friend's mental irresponsibility.

"I know your record from the time you were mixed up with that dynamite planting in the Ersatz-Heimdall's coal-bunkers, right down to the time you stole the Heligoland Fortification plans and then turned cheap and tried to blackmail a man named Urland."

Not a feature of Tawney's face actually changed. The alteration was subcutaneous; the only difference was in the tint of the flaccid skin as the blood slowly went from the veins, leaving it almost yellow in the strong sidelight.

"Oh, cut out all this lunacy!" he slowly protested, gathering up the cards from the suitcase with a touch of weariness. "Cut it out," he repeated in a higher pitch, "or I'll have to get cross and send you out of this cabin of mine."

"I want those stones!" said Kestner, bending toward him.

Tawney transferred the playing-cards from his right hand to his left, intently watching the other man as he did so.

"And I'll get those stones if I have to strip you naked as Adam!" he cried as his left hand smote the arm of his chair.

Even as he gave the signal he saw Tawney's right hand go down to his pocket. But Kestner was too quick for him.

The flat, short-barreled revolver was trained on Tawney's breast even before the waiting Todaro could step quickly and quietly into the room.

"What kind o' sideshow work d'you call this?" demanded Tawney, looking from Kestner to the newcomer.

"I want those stones!" said Kerstner.

"Don't keep poking that damned thing in my face!" cried the man, facing the revolver with a sudden show of anger.

"Do I get them, or do I have to take them?" persisted the impassive Kestner.

Tawney stood up. But the gun still covered him.

"Todaro," cried Kestner, sharp and quick, "tie him down!"

All three men were on their feet by this time. Tawney backed slowly away until the cabin wall was directly behind him.

"Hold on!" he cried. "None o' that! You can do your searching if you've got to—but, by Heaven, you'll pay for it!"

"Search him!" Kestner commanded.

Todaro went through his pockets with the dexterity of a professional "dip." He desisted only long enough to hand over the flat-chambered revolver from Tawney's hip pocket without a word and without as much as a second glance at it.

"Try his armpits," commanded Kestner.

But nothing was found.

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"Now try his shoes," was the next command. "See if the heels are hollow."

Still again the search was fruitless.

"Take off your clothes," was Kestner's curt order.

"Not on your life!" retorted Tawney with an oath.

"Take them off," said the man with the revolver, "or he'll cut them off, every rag of them!"

Tawney eyed his enemy. He even laughed, though there was little mirth in it. Then he slowly and deliberately took off his coat and waistcoat.

Todaro padded over them with movements of caressing and snakelike rapidity. Then he suddenly and quite unexpectedly ducked forward, pinioned the man's two lank arms behind his back and, in the struggle that ensued, thrust his free hand about the other's waist.

There was a gasp or two, a moment of heavy breathing and writhing, a moment of resisting and exploring, and then the quick rip and tear of linen.

It was over in a second or two. There was an adroit tug and wrench like that of a dentist extracting a tooth. When Todaro's hand came away it drew with it a girdle of soft leather that had encircled Tawney's waist next to the skin.

He passed this girdle out to Kestner without a word. He was still pinioning the other man's lank arms behind his back.

Kestner took it, and still no one spoke. For what he took was a belt of chamois-skin with a coin-pouch attached to it. From this pouch the Secret Agent poured out eighteen cut and matched white diamonds. Then he tossed the belt back to its owner. The diamonds he tied carefully up in his handkerchief and stowed away in his pocket. He had found what he was after. And he had at last "got" Tawney.

"Oh, you fool!" cried the man, who had not yet been able to bank his fires of passion; "you've certainly made a nice mess of this business!"

"It looks it, doesn't it?" scoffed Kestner as he watched the other man slowly put on his vest and then his coat.

"And what're you going to do with them now you've got them?" demanded Tawney, compelling himself to a semblance of calmness.

"That we'll talk over tomorrow in the Appraiser's Stores," was Kestner's reply.

"So that's your line?"

"It might be!"

"Then you'll have to do a lot of talking, my friend, before you square yourself for stuff like this!"

Kestner swung about and studied his enemy.

"What are you driving at?" demanded the Secret Agent.

"I'm driving at the fact that you're playing double! That you're degrading the Service for your own private ends!"

"And what do you know about the Service?"

Tawney was actually laughing again.

"More than you imagine. And when it's my inning you'll find it out!"

"How?" inquired Kestner, watching the other man as he drew a leather wallet from his inner pocket.

"That's how!" was Tawney's answer. He unfolded an oblong of blue-tinted paper and thrust it under Kestner's eyes.

There was no sound for a moment or two. But Kestner's usually somnolent eyes widened as he read. For once in his life he seemed surprised.

"You?" with an incredulous little catch of the breath.

"Yes, me!" exulted Tawney.

Kestner sat down to digest his shock. For there before his eyes was the Official T D Code Credential. There was the heavy-inked, flowing Presidential signature and the cautious, thin-lined countersignature of Wilsnach himself, side by side with the familiar Wilkie initials.

"You in the Service!" repeated the dazed Kestner. And he had never had an inkling of the true situation! Even Wilsnach had never tipped him off! And this was the secret of Tawney's apparent immunity! This was the real root of his disturbing sense of authority, his ease of manner, his maddening audacity!

For months, Kestner saw, he had been working a blind trail. He had been shadowing his own shadow. He had been trying to forge links of evidence out of movements and coincidences as unrelated as shore sand.

"And here's the next document," remarked Tawney, putting a second slip into Kestner's hand. It was the Official Recall, visèed by the Department and initialed by Wilkie himself.

"And now how about those stones?" Tawney quietly inquired.

Kestner, who had been studying the Recall and verifying the Bertillon Identification Ciphers, looked up with resentment.

"Well, what about them?"

"Hadn't I better hold them?"

"Why should you hold those diamonds?" demanded Kestner.

"I want my evidence—I've got to make good on this!"

"Make good with whom?"

"With the Department and Wilsnach. Good Heavens, man, haven't you got on to the fact yet that this is my case?"

"Your case?"

"Yes, mine! I've been shadowing that woman for a month!"

Kestner remembered. He had for the moment forgotten about the girl, forgotten what this would mean to her.

Then he remembered the Urland maneuver, the tricky Tawney's subterfuge to get in touch with her family, the trail across Europe. He realized, of a sudden, that he was unable to shield her; that she was pitifully helpless in the conflicting currents that eddied and swept about her.

"Why," scoffed Tawney, "the Maiden Lane Importers' Association has been trailing that penurious old she-gambler for six months—the girl's aunt, I mean! She's been jewel-smuggling for three years! And we're going to smash her coup if it costs five thousand dollars!"

Kestner sat studying the other man without speaking. And as he watched him something beyond his professional instincts came into operation. He could not entirely rationalize his own attitude. He did not rely on intuitions. But for once in his life he decided to act on his own arbitrary inclination, on his own initiative. He decided to interpret his duty as his own personal feelings should dictate.

"It may be your case," he conceded, "but I'll keep these stones."

It was the intrusion of the personal element, the element which had always interfered with his estimate of Tawney. It was the play of that varying and variable factor that raises human destiny out of mere mathematics.

"You'll keep the stones?"

"Until we talk it over with Loeb—yes!"

"Do you know what it'll cost you?" asked Tawney. He spoke quietly, but Kestner could see that his fingers were shaking. There was something in his eyes which the Secret Agent did not like.

"I'll keep the stones," was Kestner's quiet but stubborn retort. "And what's more, I guess I'll keep this revolver of yours until we get to the Collector's office."

Tawney's narrowing little gun-metal eyes were studying his old-time rival.

"Then you won't keep your job!"

"Well, I won't cry over it!" was Kestner's listless and quite unexpected answer as he rose to his feet.

And he left the nonplused and indignant Tawney staring after him as he went wearily out of the cabin.

XII

KESTNER, at heart, was not listless. His pose of listlessness was like that of the coiled and waiting blacksnake. His seeming indifference was like that of the indolently circling eagle, always on the lookout. And something disturbed him.

So while the homing Flavonia was swinging in past Sandy Hook the Secret Agent was in the wireless-room wording a number of code dispatches for Washington. Instinct, he felt, was not to be altogether ignored; but before mere intuitions could be finally accepted they had to be arraigned and examined. He had always preferred to leave little to emotion and nothing to pure chance. His career had left him guarded. The mills of underworld experience had crushed out of him the last shred of credulity. And he still felt that something was wrong.

His dispatches to Washington, however, were not easy to transmit, couched as they were in the Revised T D Code. But Kestner, precious as he knew time to be, waited patiently on deck, reading the Morse at the masthead until the last of his messages had been sent. He was asking for immediate information as to one Tawney's T D credentials, giving date and code numbers and confirmatory data as to his Official Recall form.

Then Kestner hurried below and threw his belongings together. He knew there

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Shows amount of each sale to everyone

Counts the money as it is received
Enables you to balance your cash and to know whether or not a mistake has been made
Tells the number of customers waited on
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Detail Adder, with all latest improvements
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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

would be an appreciable space of time before a reply could reach him. He remembered that each dispatch was handled on the five-column basis, that it was divided into five sections and each section was given to a cipher clerk who was in ignorance as to the four columns outside his own. They were then pieced together by the Department's "trusty," perused, considered and replied to. And all this, he knew, took time.

As he waited he sent a hurried note to Alicia Carlton, asking for a word or two with her. He knew now that there could be no more postponement, no more suspense. Everything had to be made clear. It would not be easy, but it had to be done.

She met him on deck in answer to his message. Kestner detected, he thought, a touch of constraint in her bearing. But about the deep gray-blue eyes were the same honest candor, the same uncompromising outlook on life, the same ardent and wordless appeal which would always make her seem younger than her actual years, which would always make him think of her more as a girl than a woman. It was this same ardor, he knew, which would keep her always youthful. It was the spirit of something he had lost out of his own life, which existence cried for, even vicariously, which he would always need.

He did not speak until they stood together between two of the lifeboats on the upper deck. He could see that she was vaguely elated at the thought of homecoming, yet he could not share in that elation. Staten Island was widening out before them, and through a softening mist the familiar walls and towers of lower Manhattan were rising into view. But still he found it hard to begin.

"What is it?" prompted the preoccupied girl at last, as though she realized the trouble that weighed on his mind, as though the weariness and unhappiness of his face prompted her to a kindliness not under her control.

"I've a confession to make to you."

She turned her face to him sharply, but he did not look at her as she watched him.

"I knew it!" she said. She uttered the words in a tone that seemed to express both relief and thankfulness. They surprised him, but still he did not look at her.

"I haven't been honest with you!"

The words were hard to say, but he forced himself to go on.

"I've deceived you from the first day I met you, from that night in Abbazia."

The color went out of her face, but she was making a great effort to remain calm.

"In what way?" she demanded.

"In every way—in everything!"

"In everything?" she echoed. The forlornness of her voice brought a lump into his throat. Again he felt that intoxicating tide slowly rise through all his body.

"Except that I love you," he said very quietly and very unhappily, "that I love you more than anything in all this world!"

She made a gesture of protest

"You shouldn't say that!" Yet there was a flutter of something strangely like happiness in her voice

"I'm not worthy of it now, but some day, some time, will you let me say it? Will you let me come and tell you what it means to me?"

She lifted her eyes, ardent and grave and tremulous with some inner emotion, until they met his. As he gazed into them with his own pleading and unhappy eyes a new hope and strength came to him. But he was unable to speak.

"Why are you not worthy?" she asked of him.

"I'm not," he averred. "I never have been!"

The upturned profile, clear-cut against the white-leaded side of the lifeboat, brought back to him the crushing memory of his baseness, of his old lack of belief in her.

She must have guessed at this as she thrust out her gloved hand and placed it in his. In that movement he found something fortifying, something releasing and elucidating. For as they glided slowly up the great river between the twin cities crowned with mist he told her everything, as honestly and simply as he could. She did not stop him until he came to a recountal of how he had forced the smuggled diamonds back from Tawney.

"Wait!" she said. "You've not been the only offender in that!"

"In what way?" he asked.

"I've been as bad as you—I've been worse. I knew what was going on from the first!"

"You knew?"

"I found it out, even in Paris; I stumbled on it by accident. I also found out that ammonium carbonate would have affected the stones if they had been left in it. I thought everything over, and acted on my own judgment!"

"But these diamonds?" began Kestner.

"They're not diamonds" she exclaimed. "These are eighteen duplicates, eighteen Jura Mountain crystals!"

"But the diamonds?" he gasped.

"They are safely deposited with Aunt Esther's banker in Paris."

"And these crystals are worthless?"

She was able to laugh a little by this time.

"Not quite worthless! Even a Jura Mountain crystal costs money, a little money!"

Kestner was oppressed by the sudden consciousness of all his blind and molelike activities, of years of empty and feverish life leading to nothing worthy. It even sickened him a little to think of going back to the old trails, of returning and taking up the old tasks, of trotting up and down Europe like the sheep-dog he had been, trying to sentinel that ever pasturing and ever wandering flock of wayward adventurers. And he had once thought it a great game, with great issues at stake!

She was laughing by this time, openly and relievingly. "And I was beginning to think you were something terrible—something worse than Tawney!"

He was about to respond that he had been worse at times, when he looked up and caught sight of Todaro close beside him, holding a yellow-tinted wireless message out to him.

Something about Todaro's face disturbed him. He swung about and took the cipher-inscribed message in his hands.

Then he came back to what had seemed his older world of realities, back to a sense of time and place. For written on the sheet of yellow paper he read:

Tawney, alias Tauber, twice indicted Mint thief and forger, released Atlanta as stool, and sold army rifle model Austrian Government. Arrest and hold pending instructions, as all credentials are forgeries. . . . ALLISON—FOUR—T D.

Kestner turned back to Todaro with a side glance over the rail to where the bustling harbor tugs were pushing and nosing the great liner into her berth.

"Have you got him?" he demanded in Italian.

Todaro shrugged an eloquent Sicilian shoulder.

"He went ashore at Quarantine," was the answer, also in Italian.

"At Quarantine?"

"Yes; on the doctor's boat. He showed his official papers."

"That means an hour's start—that he's gone!"

Again Todaro shrugged an eloquent shoulder and smiled his crooked smile.

"This time, yes! But some time, *signor*, we will get him!"

"Yes, we'll get him," vowed Kestner. So deep was his feeling that for several seconds he was unconscious of the girl's hand that had been placed on his arm.

"I understood," she said, "every word. But I want you to promise me there'll be no more of this. I want you to leave all that life behind!"

He did not answer her. He knew that it could not be tossed off like a coat, all this past that covered him.

"Won't you promise me?" she asked

"Yes," he said at last. "I'll promise. But I'm afraid it will take time. Yes, some time I'll do it. But not until I get Tawney!"

"No," she pleaded, "not even to get Tawney. Not even for that."

The sheer intimacy of her voice and movement carried with it something drowsily comforting, as her imploring fingers caught at his arm.

"Promise me!" she pleaded.

And he promised her contentedly, willingly, and yet not without misgivings. It would be hard, he told himself, to forget the old ways. It would take time to acquire the new viewpoint, to reach up to what she expected and exacted of him.

Yet, as he stood on the quiet ship-deck and felt the warmth of her hand in his, he forgot Tawney and Todaro and all the past and all the world. For as she moved toward him and surrendered to his hungrily outthrust arms he could hear her murmuring again and again, "I love you! Oh, I do! I do!"

THE END

July Suppers

Shot from Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are as crisp as crackers, and four times as porous as bread. There was never a cereal food ever created so adapted for serving in milk.

In these unique foods the wheat or rice kernels are puffed to eight times natural size.

They are exceedingly porous, deliciously crisp, and they have a nut-like flavor. The coats are unbroken, and the grains are shaped just as they came from the fields.

Imagine what a supper dish these foods make when served in a bowl of milk.

Whole-Grain Foods

In crackers or bread you get but a part of the wheat. In Puffed Wheat you get the whole grain.

In crackers or bread only part of the starch granules are broken. In Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces. The digestive juices act instantly.

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Puffed Wheat, 10c
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These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson—the foods that are shot from guns.

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are suddenly unsealed, the steam explodes, and every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces.

The terrific explosion shoots out from the guns these delicious, digestible grains—the most delightful cereal foods in existence.

Serve Them With Berries for Breakfast

In the morning, mix these puffed grains with your berries. They are nut-like and crisp, and their blend with the berries gives something like a shortcake flavor.

Or serve the puffed grains alone—with milk or cream. You will realize then why people are eating a million and a quarter packages monthly.

Order them now—before you forget. For the people you serve will want Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice every day in the hot weather.

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In the Good Old Summertime

(Continued from Page 5)

straight climb up it slipped back every time. Then it began to race around in a circle. With each revolution it got higher and finally escaped

"There's an idea," said Tilyou. "If a mouse can do that a human being can, and he will have a merry time doing it too."

He built a huge wooden bowl with smooth sides, which he called the Soup Bowl. It holds twenty people. The seeker for diversion pays five cents to climb in. Then he scrambles to get out. It is not only fun and exercise for the person in the bowl, but ample diversion for those who are watching. This simple device cleans up over ten thousand dollars a season. One man can run it

Another incident gave Tilyou the idea that added a name to summer park phraseology and helped to make him a millionaire. One day he sat watching a merry-go-round. It had horses that bobbed up and down. He asked a passenger why he liked to ride

"Because the horses move up and down," said the man.

"Wouldn't you like it better if the horse traveled as a live horse does?" asked Tilyou.

"Why, yes," said the man without any hesitation.

From this conversation came the Steeplechase, which gave Tilyou's chain of parks their name. It is an automatic racecourse on which people ride wooden horses that move on a cable. They have all the sensations of real riding and even racing.

Some successful summer shows are the result of a long, careful observation of people, their tastes and interests. Everybody likes to see fire engines galloping to a fire, and nothing attracts a mob more than a big conflagration. From this Frederic Thompson evolved the idea of one of the most profitable summer shows ever given. It was called Fire and Flames and was a realistic reproduction of a big fire in New York. It had all the proportions of a drama and more than a hundred people took part. There were crowded streets, trolley cars, cabs and all the interesting human byplay of congested city life. Suddenly fire broke out in a tenement; the alarm was sounded; the engines and trucks dashed up at full speed. What caught the people was that the fire engines pumped real water; that the firemen did the same work they do at actual fires, and there were thrilling rescues. This show represented an investment of eighty thousand dollars, for a small-sized fire department had to be bought. It cost twenty-five hundred dollars a week for maintenance, but it was able to give three performances in a little more than an hour and at twenty-five cents a head yielded big returns.

Women the Better Spenders

The big summer park showmen spend their winters planning for the next summer. Mr. Gumpertz, for example, goes abroad. He has been around the world four times in search of novelties. From Paris he gets ideas in electric illumination; from England and Germany, the circus and wild-animal acts; from the Orient, suggestions for architecture and color.

Now let us turn for a moment to the serious business side of this shifting panorama of summer fun. You will find that the park manager faces just about as many hazards of trade as his colleague who runs a store. Like the circus man he finds the weather his chief foe. A shower at noon in Manhattan or Brooklyn, for example, will cost the Coney Island parks fifty thousand dollars, to say nothing of the loss in fares to the street-car and other transit lines. Rain later in the afternoon will double this loss, for it will keep the night crowd from coming out, and the night attendance is usually the most profitable.

An average daily attendance at Coney Island ranges from forty thousand to sixty thousand. On hot Saturdays it goes to one hundred and fifty thousand, while on Sundays and holidays like Fourth of July and Labor Day it has touched three hundred and fifty thousand, or considerably more than the entire population of a city like Louisville, Kentucky.

The winter showman, and by him I mean the theatrical manager, has one great advantage over the summer showman in that he can have an advance sale for his attraction. When it rains it means a dead loss to the open-air parks.

It is estimated that the average man spends thirty cents at a Coney Island park. If he has a woman with him the average is between forty and fifty cents. This includes the first gate admission. In the smaller inland parks the average is less. It is an interesting fact that women, unaccompanied by men, spend more than men. This is one reason why many park shows try to make a special appeal to women

The shrewd summer showman would rather have ten people spend ten cents each than have four people spend twenty-five cents each. The ten people mean more people in a show and thus makes the show look popular. The same rule holds good in any popular retailing

The people who stroll leisurely through a great summer amusement park and watch the spending of nickels and dimes do not realize the immense amount of money spent on food and souvenirs. Take a place like Coney Island, which has been called the nation's playground. The king of foods, in volume and value, is the humble "frankfurter," otherwise known as the "hot dog." One big stand last season sold exactly one million of these sausages at five cents apiece, or a total gross business of fifty thousand dollars. There are over a hundred stands that sell the "frankfurter."

Working the Dollar Hard

Half a million dollars is spent at Coney Island for candy, popcorn, green corn and clam chowder, while fifty thousand goes for souvenirs. The picture postal card (photograph and otherwise) has developed an industry at the beaches that realizes a small fortune each season. Bathing is a big item. One bathhouse located between Coney Island and Brighton averages ten thousand patrons on a hot Sunday or a holiday. These people pay an average of twenty-five cents for rent of suit and towel, which means a total daily income of twenty-five hundred dollars.

So keen is the competition among the venders of food at Coney Island and so big is the volume of business that the rents on Surf Avenue, the principal street, are larger, in proportion, than those on Fifth Avenue or Thirty-fourth Street in New York. Here is a case in point: An ice-cream stand, sixteen feet square, in front of Dreamland rents for one thousand dollars for the short summer season of a little over three months. The vender sells ice-cream cakes at two cents each. Other rents are correspondingly large.

As a result of the building of the great parks and the general disinfection of Coney Island amusements the land values have risen tremendously. In 1870 the value of the island was hardly eight hundred thousand dollars; now it is more than twelve times that much. In 1902 Senator Reynolds paid five hundred thousand dollars for two hundred and sixty feet facing the ocean; now this land is worth more than double that price.

This naturally leads to the matter of the real return on money invested in summer parks. Take Luna Park, for example, which represents, with land, shows, mechanical rights, equipment and good name, an investment of over three million dollars. While all this money is tied up for fifty-two weeks of the year, there is income only for about fifteen weeks. Therefore enough profit must be packed into these fifteen weeks to make a dividend to stretch adequately over the rest of the year. The dollar that is put out to work in a big summer park has a swift and crowded time of it and earns its winter rest.

When you look at the list of summer amusement parks in the United States you find that only one thing could have caused such a wide development, and that one thing is ample profit. In the official roster of parks compiled by the Billboard there are exactly seven hundred and fifty. These include the parks that have big or little shows, vaudeville, moving pictures or concerts. There are fully two hundred and fifty more parks of various sorts that would bring the total up to a thousand. Every state is represented. Pennsylvania comes first with eighty, while Baltimore leads the cities with twenty parks. This excepts New York, which has a summer amusement empire all its own. The

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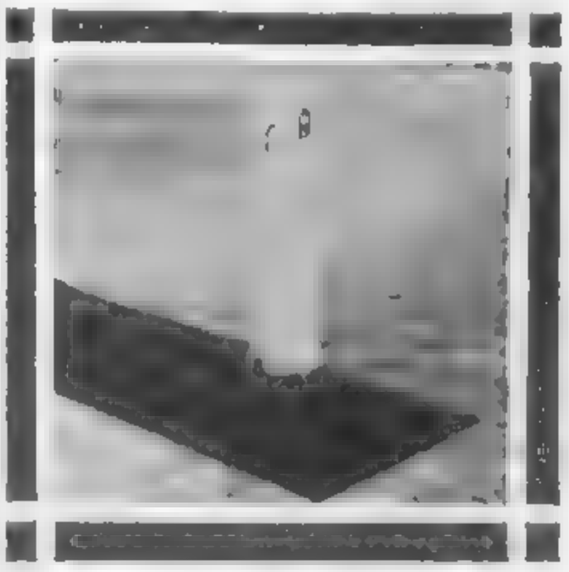

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Cheap Rides Not Wanted

favorite name employed is the White City. There are twenty of them. There are thirteen Luna Parks and four Dreamlands. Other names employed are Riverside or Lakeside, Electric City and Airdome. There are such picturesque names, too, as Willow Grove, Vanity Fair, Wonderland and Carnival Court. These parks employ, with waiters, more than one hundred and fifty thousand people. So vast has become the industry that there are big agencies now that do nothing but book attractions for the parks.

A nation-wide business like this could not have been developed without definite business rules. When you sum up the ideal conditions you find that the first requirement is a good location. It must be on a street-car line that furnishes adequate and cheap service. Experience has shown that a park is seldom successful when it is located more than thirty minutes from the heart of the city. A longer ride tires the amusement seeker. The best sites are between two or more thriving communities, so that the park can draw people from all sides.

After a good site, ample transit facilities and amusing shows, the next requisite is to keep in touch with patrons. The park manager must be as omnipresent as the head of a great department store. Men like Mr. Gumpertz and Mr. Fred McClellan, the manager of Luna Park at Coney Island, are constantly out-of-doors. They listen to the comments of the crowd and they get a line on what the people like and dislike.

Keeping Tab on Receipts

Just as it takes business sagacity and originality to attract the nickels and dimes to the summer parks so does it require a perfect system to take care of them after they have been taken in. The big institutions, such as those at Coney Island, have financial organizations as complete as you can find in any of the big department stores of the country.

It is harder to handle the money in a large open park than in a department store. In the store there is a central cash station and various branches. All are connected. In a park, on the other hand, every show is a separate and distinct business, selling its own tickets and making its own change. A flood of small coin rushes in every day. How is the park to keep tab on these receipts and keep them moving?

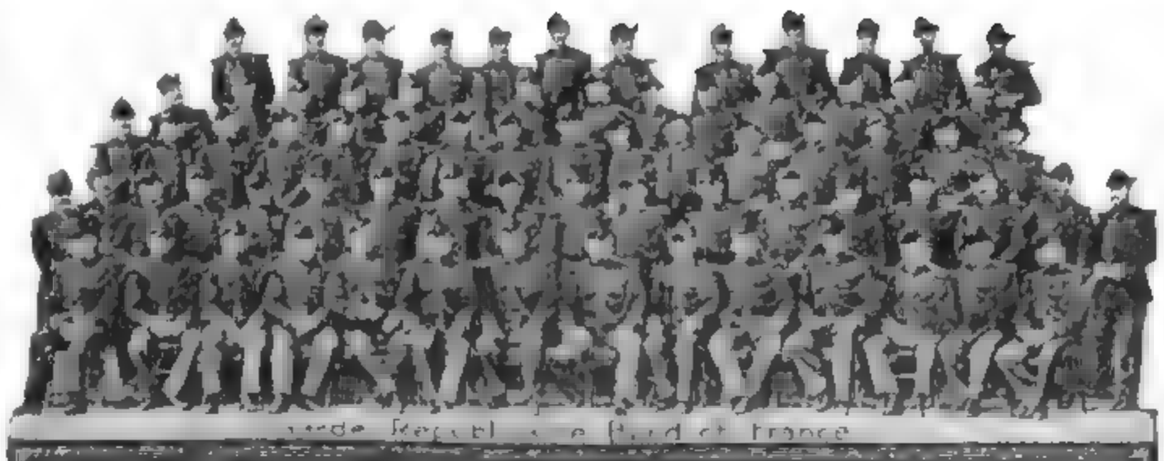
The system is very simple. Each show sells tickets torn from rolls, and each roll has a thousand tickets which are numbered consecutively; also each show has its own color. When the ticket seller starts her day's work at noon (the ticket sellers are all women—mostly show girls who find this a good way to earn board during the summer) she is given a cash box containing twenty dollars in change. The number of the first unused ticket on her roll is taken. A cash collection is made every hour during the show day. The cash box left originally is taken away and a new one with twenty dollars in change is given her. At the same time the number of the last ticket sold is recorded. The cash box must contain the price of every ticket sold in addition to twenty dollars in change money.

Making a cash collection every hour is the only way that these parks can keep up with the business. On a hot Sunday or a holiday each one of the two larger institutions at Coney Island handles over twenty-five thousand dollars. It would be unwise to let a single day's receipts remain unaudited. Like the circus, the summer park's day's work never ends until there is a clean balance sheet on the daily business. It is interesting to note that the treasurer of Dreamland is Mr. Max Hirsch, who occupies the same position in winter at the Metropolitan Opera House. Thus the dimes from scenic rides are finally handled by the same fingers that count the gold that flows in to hear Caruso.

The Birth of the Scenic Railway

No matter where you live, it is altogether likely that at some time you have seen or ridden on an L. A. Thompson Scenic Railway. Its very beginning was interesting.

One day early in the eighties a man who had just passed his thirty-fourth year was riding on a train from Arizona back to his home in Elkhart, Indiana. He had been born in Ohio; raised on a Michigan farm; had displayed remarkable mechanical aptitude from his childhood, and at seventeen had startled his family and



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16473	Dollar Princess Waltz	Victor Orchestra
	Waltzes from A Chocolate Soldier	Pryor's Band
35000	Carmen Selection	Sousa's Band
	Freischutz Overture	Sousa's Band
5690	Marsovia Waltzes	U. S. Marine Band
31676	Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico
4678	Lights Out March	Pryor's Band
4115	Coronation March from the Prophet	Garde Republicaine Band of France
5777	Apache Dance	Black Diamonds Band of London
16479	"De Guardia" Two-Step	Royal Military Band of Madrid
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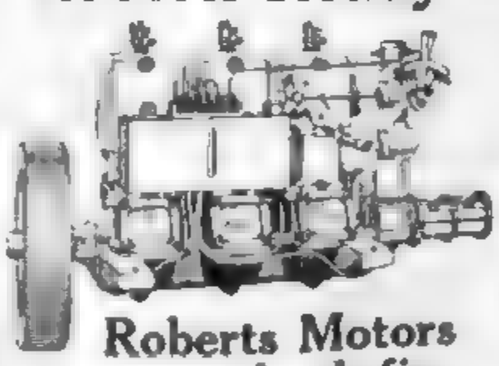
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Roberts Ready to Ship—3 to 60 H. P.



Roberts Motors never back-fire

OUR unequalled capacity and equipment for building marine engines enable us to complete promptly the largest of contract demands from boat-builders.

Tested stock always on hand. We can ship single orders same day as received for any of our nine sizes from 3 to 60 H. P.

Roberts motors are light, powerful, compact, easy to start, free from vibration and flexible as the best automobile motors.

Slow enough for trolling and fast enough to win when racing. Positively guaranteed free from back firing.

Send postal for "What users say about Roberts Marine Engines."

Agents Wanted. Some good territory open for live agents.

The Roberts Motor Co., 1425 Columbus Ave., Sandusky, O.

Hay Fever

and Asthma are quickly relieved by the use of an effective device which we will send to any sufferer for seven days free trial. They may then keep it or not as they want to keep it. This device whether or not they want to keep it. This device clears the air of all foreign matter, dust and pollen and thus arrests the irritation known as Hay Fever and which causes the produces paroxysms of Asthma.

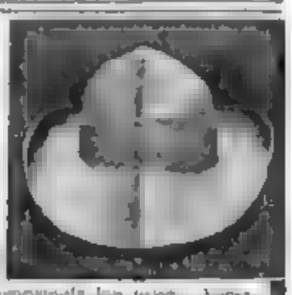
No medicines are used, no operation is required. The use of this nervous device will bring quick relief to many sufferers. Persons who are compelled to breathe a great deal of dust find this device of immediate relief. It protects the sensitive membranes of the nasal cavities from all foreign matter in the air, thus eliminating the irritation.

If you are troubled with Hay Fever or Asthma send your name and address. You can use this device seven days before deciding to keep it. The Nasalfilter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. (2)

$1 **GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA**

Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

Panama Hats more popular than ever and the rage this summer. By buying in large quantities we can sell direct to wearer for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted genuine all hand woven, [illegible] at retail for $5 and $6. Every hat perfect in shape and finish. Assorted sizes. Weight, packed, 1 lb. **$1.00.** Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



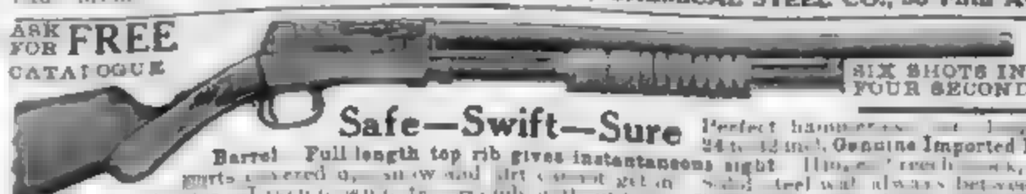
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES, 2½c EACH

Send dull Double or Single edge Blades for re-sharpening by our wonderful process. We make them sharper than new. 50c per dozen.

CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE



SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS **$18**

Safe—Swift—Sure

Barrel: Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight. [illegible] Genuine Imported DAMASCUS steel and always between [illegible] shooter. [illegible] and drop of stock optional. **No extra charge for any feature named.** [illegible]

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Auburndale, Toledo, O., U.S.A.

Try it on

SALADS

and get that piquancy so often lacking in salad dressings. Use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

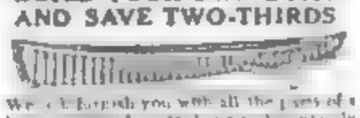
It is a royal relish for many a dish! Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Chops, Gravies and a little on Cheese is delicious.

Refuse Imitations

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N.Y

CHIPPED OR SHOCK DOWN **BROOKS** ONLY GUARANTEED **BOATS** SATISFACTORY

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT AND SAVE TWO-THIRDS



We will furnish you with all the parts of a [illegible] ready to put together. [illegible] Just a few tools required. [illegible] Three and eight passenger sizes.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO
907 Ship St., Saginaw Mich. U.S.A.

Easy Money for You

We pay big cash prices for weak, faint or scarce dates. [illegible] Just drop us a postal and we will tell you what we want. [illegible] Send us what you have and we will tell you what we pay.

IMP

CARL LAEMMLE, Pres.

FRENCH POCKET HAT

$2.00 Postpaid

WILL NOT BLOW OFF

Worn in various shapes at all summer resorts. Comfortable—flexible—feather-weight—finest felt

Pure White, Light Grey and Cream

State size; money refunded if not satisfactory. Work Bands 50 and 25c.

French Pocket Hat Co., 726 Market St., Philad'a, Pa.

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

100 PLANS Bungalows Cottages $400 to $3000

No. 37 $3000 One of the 100 [illegible]

My other books for home builders are

[illegible] $1.00

Any one of these books and Keith's one year $2.00

Any 3 of these books and Keith's one year $4.00

M. L. KEITH, 621 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

neighbors by building a barn. He became a carriage builder, but was forced out of business by big concerns. He turned to seamless hosiery and made some money, but the confining life of a factory broke his health and he was ordered to Arizona, where he spent a year. His doctor there had told him that he would have to lead an outdoor life. Thus it happened that as he rode northward that day his mind was much occupied with plans for making a living.

As he passed a small town he saw some boys coasting down a hill. "People like to coast," he said to himself. "Why can't I devise some way to get their nickels in a coasting scheme?" When he got back he chanced to read in a newspaper about a short road that ran by gravity in the Pennsylvania coal district. The car was started on a high elevation, rolled down by gravity and then rushed up to another elevation by the momentum thus gained, and so on. At the end it was switched to another track and came back the same way. This was the first "switchback."

"I've got it," said Thompson. "If cars can haul coal that way they certainly can carry people."

He laid out a plan for a coaster railway that would run by gravity and got basic patents on it. In 1884 he built the first ride on rented ground at Coney Island. It was called the Switchback Railway and the trip was four hundred and fifty feet long. The people coasted up and down to the end of the line, then changed cars and came back. It was like a shuttle. The whole railway cost not over fifteen hundred dollars, but from the way the people began to patronize it Mr. Thompson realized that he had hit on a good thing. This short road, with cumbersome cars and slight undulations (the steepest was ten feet), was the unpretentious basis of a business that today is worldwide and represents an investment, with leased concerns, of over eight million dollars.

A Scenic Railway Corporation

Gradually the rides became longer and the inclines steeper, but soon Mr. Thompson perceived that to hold and increase business he would have to give the public a novelty. At Atlantic City, in 1890, he built the first serpentine ride. As you have seen, the amusement seeker always craves novelty. So Mr. Thompson said, "They are tired of looking at the ugly trestle; I will give them something pretty to look at." Midway on the ride he built what he called a scenic house, made of wood and papier-mâché, which had cycloramic walls. As they rode along, the passengers on the cars got the impression that they were going through a grotto. Hence came the name of Scenic Railway. In a few years scenic houses were put all along the rides. Some were dark; others brilliantly lighted. In time the whole trestle of the ride was covered with tin mountain ranges, and thus the ride came to be known as the Mountain Scenic Railway. Each year has seen them grow in size, incline and thrill. As an evidence of the way they are kept up to date I have only to add that one of the rides at Coney Island is a trip through icy ranges, and one of the "props" is a reproduction of the Roosevelt imbedded in the ice, with Peary on the bridge.

Some of the finest rides, such as those at Willow Grove just outside of Philadelphia, at Revere Beach near Boston, or those of the type of the Dragon's Gorge, Pike's Peak, or the Glaciers and the Mountain Torrent at Coney Island, represent an investment of over sixty thousand dollars.

Today the L. A. Thompson rides are controlled by a corporation with a capitalization of one million dollars, which has put up rides in a dozen different lands, ranging from Scotland to Yucatan. You can get their thrills in Paris, Vienna and Budapest. The ride built at Shepherd's Bush, London, for the Franco-British Exposition handled two millions and a half of people and took in over two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. In a single year some of these rides have earned one hundred per cent.

Like the circus, the big summer amusement parks are definite, serious business propositions, carefully planned and systematically conducted. When all is said and done about them you will find that the successful summer showmen have done two simple things: they have financed good nature and capitalized laughter.

Fresh from the Ocean To You

The Finest Codfish You Ever Tasted

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes will give a new meaning to "Codfish" in your home. This choice New England delicacy is entirely different from the dried, over-salted, "soak-overnight" kind and far superior to any Codfish you can buy even at the fish market.

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

10c and 15c Sizes

makes it possible for you to enjoy ready fresh Codfish wherever you may live. [illegible] The fish is wrapped in pure [illegible] and hermetically sealed [illegible] which never comes in contact with the meat. Your housewife will be delighted to find how delicious

Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder, etc.

can be made with Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes. [illegible] Thousands of grocers are selling Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes today. If yours has not it in stock he will be glad to get it for you. If you will just try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes once we are confident you will ever [illegible] perfect fish product. If your grocer has not yet stocked them, say you immediately try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes you send us his name and we will send you a regular 10c size on receipt of 10c from you. It costs us 18c to do so, postage alone being 11c. This shows our faith in our product.

GOOD EATING was written especially for us by Mrs. Janet Mackenzie Hill the noted domestic scientist. It contains many new and original recipes and table hints, and is mailed Free upon request

BURNHAM & MORRILL COMPANY, Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

Packers of the Justly celebrated Paris Sugar Corn

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 15

Getting Genuine Satisfaction

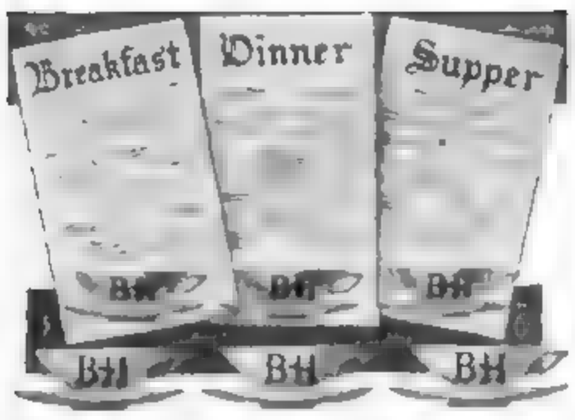
Any dealer can buy a small lot of Kellogg's—the genuine—Toasted Corn Flakes, at the same price as a large lot. There is no temptation to overstock to get a quantity "thrown in."

He gives what he gets—fresh goods and genuine satisfaction.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn



The Coffee Without a Regret

You can enjoy Barrington Hall Coffee—all you want of it, three times a day, with no ill effects.

It won't make you feel heavy or dull. It won't feel like lead in your stomach. It won't put your nerves on edge. And drank before retiring, it won't result in a wakeful, restless night.

Because it is *Baker-ized*.

Coffee chaff, fine white flakes, can be seen in any coffee ground in the old way. It contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor and is not good for the human system. *Baker-izing* removes this harmful chaff.

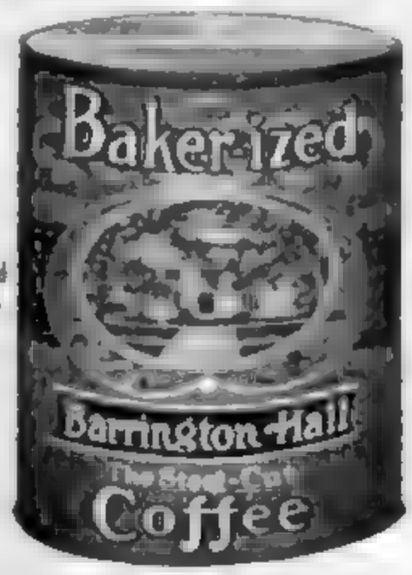
Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the coffee cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. It enters the stomach with the coffee and is inclined to upset things. You won't find this dust in

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

In Baker-ized Coffee the beans are split open and the chaff is blown out.

Then the beans are steel-cut with sharp knives—into pieces of uniform size—without dust. You can brew all of these little pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired—no small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin—no large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of *Baker-ized Coffee* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you can brew all the rich flavor from every grain



Sealed by us — Opened by you

It is a delicious, smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine, appetizing and satisfying, with a delightful after taste.

Baker-ized Coffee is economical—but not cheap. Good grocers sell it for 35 or 40 cents a pound according to locality.

Put up in sealed tins and reaches you with full flavor and aroma.

TRIAL CAN FREE

Send us your grocer's name and we will send you enough Barrington Hall to make six cups of delicious coffee and our booklet that explains why ours is different from other coffees.

BAKER IMPORTING CO
116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name _____

Address _____

BH BH BH BH

THE FARMER'S FACTORY

(Continued from Page 9)

At the close of the season of 1904 Mr Chappell reached the conclusion that it was no longer good business for him to attempt to market his own crop by sending his produce to various commission houses in different markets, and he had long since outgrown the purely local market and retired his pedler's wagon. Therefore he cast his fortunes with a large distributing house dealing exclusively in Florida fruits and vegetables, in which he had and still has implicit confidence. For the seasons of 1905-6-7-8 this one house made for him the following sales:

42,957 crates of celery	$56,784 38
5579 hampers of lettuce	5,809 70
359 hampers of cauliflower	330 17
709 crates of cabbage	715 12
Other truck	82 83
Total	$63,722.20

In that time odds and ends were disposed of to or through other houses amounting to five thousand dollars. This brings the total of his sales for those four seasons up to $68,722 20 or an average of $17,180 55 a year

When he began on this production he had ten acres under cultivation and gradually increased his working land from year to year until, in 1908, he took crops from thirty-five acres. However, his largest acreage in celery in any of those seasons was fourteen, and at least seventy-five per cent of the produce covered by the above statement was grown on the fourteen acres first cleared.

"How much of that sixty-eight thousand dollars was net profit?" Mr. Chappell was asked.

"That's a leading question," was his quick answer; "but I must admit that fully fifty per cent of it was. There must be fat years to offset the lean. The season just closed is regarded as a market failure by the growers here. Many, perhaps most of them, lost money, and as a consequence there is a heap of heartache in this locality. Probably this will bring serious disaster to many of the smaller growers who are comparatively newcomers. They blame the selling situation for their misfortune, but I do not. My own belief is that there was an overproduction—or, rather, there was a heavy Florida production thrown upon the market in a very short time. Those who got in early realized a good profit and so did those who had the late 'green top' variety."

The Cost of Improving Land

Last year Mr. Chappell doubled his acreage by the purchase of thirty-five acres of perfected ground directly across Celery Avenue from his original holdings. For this he paid thirty-five thousand dollars. He once saw this same thirty-five acres sold for seventeen dollars and fifty cents—or fifty cents an acre.

"Why," he was asked, "did you pay one thousand dollars an acre for perfected land when you had more than a hundred acres of wild land adjoining your land that was first cleared, and presumably just as good land as that was before it was cleared?"

"You're not the first man," he replied, "to ask that question. I guess a good many of my fellow-townsmen have considered me a freak for that transaction; but here's the way I figured out the situation: It is true that the uncleared land that I own is just as good as any acre I now hold was before the axe was laid to the timber—its soil is as good, its situation as favorable and it has the same abundance of artesian water underneath its hard-pan. To get the six flowing wells on my present working land cost an average of forty dollars each, and to get six wells on the uncleared land would be no more difficult. There is no trouble with the undeveloped land.

"However, last year a neighbor of mine cleared some land, put in a subirrigation equipment and made it ready for a first crop. What did it cost him? Fully five hundred dollars an acre. What did he have when he was through? Raw, unsweetened, unmellowed land. The cost of transforming a Florida hammock into a cultivated truckfarm is immensely greater than when I first began. The labor cost alone is just about double what it was then and all the other elements of expense have practically if not fully doubled. Then comes the important element of time. It is scarcely too much to say that this land does not really begin to strike its gait in the matter of production until it has been worked and fertilized and cropped for three years; in fact, it steadily improves in quality and productiveness for at least eight years—that is, of course, under reasonable cultivation and fertilization."

Combining Irrigation and Drainage

The intensiveness of truck farming at Sanford is of a sort to delight the heart of a manufacturer who considers himself something of a "shark" when it comes to economies in the cost of production and operating expenses. A visiting farmer from the West once remarked to Mr. Chappell:

"It seems to me you're mighty stingy of room to turn around in."

"Yes," was the answer, "I expect we are. How much rent do you have to pay for good farm land out in your country?"

"Five dollars an acre."

"Well, sir, this roadway through this ten-acre field pays me every year the rental of eighty acres of your land."

"You don't mean that you get four hundred dollars out of that road?" was the incredulous response.

"I do—exactly; and sometimes it does a trifle better than that. Each spring that roadway is set out to celery two weeks in advance of the fields on each side of it. This allows us to cut the celery out of the road before touching the celery in the fields flanking it. You may be as careless as you like with your roadways and your improved field margins out West, but only the truck farmer who operates on a big scale here can afford room enough at the end of his rows to enable his horses to turn around; in fact, that is one reason why most of the smaller farms here are worked by hand instead of by horse-power or mule-power."

When Mr. Chappell had cleared his first acres and started to put in his underground system of irrigation he did not put in inverted troughs made of fence-boards simply because that was the device that he had seen in use at the Terwilliger patch. He was not that kind of farmer. To act on precedent or tradition without thought was contrary to his nature. Every step in his new undertaking was a challenge to his mind, a problem to be analyzed before action was taken. In the construction of his underground irrigation system he saw a problem of compelling importance.

After he had turned the matter over in his mind for a short time he felt that he saw possibilities of great improvement. Instead of the crude inverted troughs made of fence-boards he put in ordinary porous field tiles of the sort in common use among farmers for the purpose of draining wet land. These tiles were laid twenty feet apart, and at the end of each section or line was located a control box—a device for closing the end of the conduit and forcing the water out into the soil more freely than capillary attraction would draw it. The tiles were laid loosely, end to end, and the open joint covered with sawdust or palmetto fiber to prevent the sand from filling the pipe and at the same time to give the water an easy exit.

The perfection of this device for putting the moisture into the soil is, however, only half the story of its efficiency. With the hard-pan subsoil in the neighborhood of three feet from the surface of the ground, it will be readily realized that the season of rain will so completely fill the soil above the hard-pan as to make it water-soaked to a high degree. And here is where the other half of the story comes in. The system of drainage tiles, used for irrigation during the dry season, operates perfectly during the wet season as a drainage system, and carries off the surplus water into the huge drainage canals running into Lake Monroe, or St. Johns River. The example set by Mr. Chappell in the use of drainage tiles has been universally followed.

To the man who is determined to try the game of truck farming in Florida this pioneer, who is recognized as a sound and successful farmer, has this earnest advice to offer:

"There are two things that you must have in this intensive kind of agriculture if you would not court disaster and heartache. The first is money. You should have plenty of that—not enough merely to pay for land and put into it a first crop, but

ESKAY'S FOOD

from birth. He has never been sick a day and is always bright and smiling as a healthy child should be.

If your baby is not happy he is not normal.

Something is wrong. It may be in the food. Try fresh cow's milk modified with ESKAY'S. It makes a food as nearly like mother's milk as [illegible]

[illegible]

SHEFFIELD FARMS-SLAWSON-DECKER CO., New York

Be Comfortable in Hot Weather

Put on cool, comfortable, ventilated shoes. You will know what foot comfort is when you

STYLE No. 1
Ventilated Oxford in TAN and BLACK

Sizes and Prices
9-2 for girls and boys $2.00
2½-6 for women and youths $2.50
6-12 for men $3.00

Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes

Men, women and children find **E. C. Ventilated Shoes** are the only comfortable shoes for the warm days in hot weather. They relieve many a foot ill caused by close shoes.

Made of the best material in the most careful manner. Look for the trade mark—**E. C. Ventilated Shoes**—on the sole.

Ask your dealer for **E. C. Ventilated Shoes.** If he cannot supply you write us and we will help them to you and upon receipt of price. Address for our booklet mentioning THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO., East Boston, Mass.

The Pullman Automatic Safety Razor Stropper

gives blades a keen, close-shaving edge, better than brand new for every shave. No skill or thought required to operate. May be used with any strop. Edge is automatically held at the angle maker put on it. *You can't use it the wrong way.*

Hold the Stropper Against the Strop and *Strop*

Strops at standard correct angle or double edges. Simply draw the stropper over. You can't nick the strop nor injure the blade.

$1.00

Most dealers can supply the Pullman Stropper. If yours can't give us his name and send us $1.00, stating what razor you use. Try it 10 days—your money back if you want it, without argument.

PULLMAN MFG. CO.
33 Allen St. Rochester, N. Y.

Disgraceful Term—

"Spring and Fall Housecleaning!"

Before long a good housekeeper will be ashamed to use such an expression—ashamed to admit she has allowed her house to grow dirtier and dirtier for six or eight months—until the arrival of that dreadful time in Spring or Fall—"Housecleaning Day."

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

has helped to enrich civilization. Do YOU possess this treasure, that relieves woman of her burthen of drudgery and never tires—that wars so savagely on the sinister foes of health and makes life safer?

It is VERY EASY to possess. We are willing to send it to you and let it win its own way. You may try it, and then have a whole year to pay for it if you wish.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
400 Harvester Building, Chicago

Ask Any Dealer

for O-Cedar Polish and get the most successful preparation on the market for producing a quick, lasting shine on *any* varnished surface.

O-Cedar Polish

The Varnish Food

[illegible] vegetable ingredients. Try it on your woods—[illegible] quick, carriage, auto. The safest polish for fine pianos.

Guarantee We give a bond with every [illegible] to refund [illegible] if not at your dealer's [illegible] and get demonstration [illegible] free.

Channell Chemical Co., 1658 Lake St., Chicago

Save the Price of a New Suit

There's many a good day's wear in that last season's suit of yours. Buy a **NAP-ARISA** and remove the objectionable gloss. Makes an old garment look new.

The rocking motion of the Nap-Arisa [illegible] underside [illegible] the nap. It [illegible]—not like the big upper machines used in the mills. That's the secret.

Anyone can remove the worst shiny spot with it. Never gets out of order. Send 50c in silver or stamps today—try it yourself. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. *Agents wanted.*

THE NAP-ARISA CO.
115 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Strong Arms

For 10c in stamps or coin

I will send as long as they last one of my small charts showing exercises that will quickly build up, beautify and develop great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands without any apparatus. They are illustrated with twenty full-page half-tone cuts.

PROF ANTHONY BARKER
10 Barker Bldg., 110 W 42d St., New York

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. Best Services.
WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON, D. C.

enough to carry you comfortably through at least two seasons regardless of results. But money alone is not enough. If you have no personal experience in this kind of farming you should not attempt it unless you are able to associate with yourself some practical man who has had the actual experience right here on the ground. This is just as important as having capital enough to withstand one or two bad market years without losing heart

"I know that this is not the kind of picture held out by the professional land-boomer, and I also know that I can be convicted of having taken as high as twenty-one hundred dollars net profit from a single selected acre in celery alone in a season. It is true, too, that I cannot deny having averaged a net profit of eighteen hundred dollars an acre one year when my acreage was small, and five hundred and fifty dollars an acre with a large acreage in a hard year. It is also true that in the past many men have gone into the business heavily hampered with debt and with comparatively small experience in trucking and have finally made a success; but all these high spots do not alter the fact that the deadly average is what tells the story, and that today it is unsafe and unwise for a man, without the kind and measure of equipment that I have specified, to undertake the game.

"Every year adds emphasis to my conviction that intensive trucking on land worth a thousand dollars an acre is not a poor man's game. The only qualification to this conviction would be in the case of the man who is an experienced truck farmer and who is a good business man as well. I repeat: It is a stiff game and growing stiffer every year. Those who are strong enough to play it well year in and year out may—and doubtless will—win heavily. Probably many of my good neighbors and fellow-Floridians will feel that I am overcautious in my statement of the situation and may bring many plausible facts to support their contention; but my convictions on this point are strong, and I cannot, in good conscience, withhold them. The fact is, we confront new conditions."

Some Points in Celery Cultivation

According to Mr. Chappell, neither celery nor lettuce should be grown on ground the first year after it has been cleared. The best crops are potatoes and cucumbers. Potatoes yield forty to seventy-five barrels an acre and sell at four dollars to four dollars and a half a barrel at the station. Potatoes should be followed by tomatoes, which are set out between the potatoes, so that in digging the potatoes the tomatoes are hilled. Cucumbers and cabbages are also profitable crops for first-year land. Hay from native grass brings twelve to fifteen dollars a ton and the yield runs from five to six tons to the acre.

Here are Mr. Chappell's directions for celery cultivation:

"In July thoroughly plow, harrow and fertilize the seed bed. All seed is imported direct from France, where the most perfect and fertile seed is grown. Begin planting about the middle of August and make your plantings a week to ten days apart, continuing until about the middle of November. This arrangement is to provide for spreading the cutting of your crop over the widest possible period of time. Of course, if all your celery matured in the same week you could not handle it.

"The small plants are protected from the sun and rain until the plants are six weeks old. Then they are transplanted and put into beds, being set about one inch apart in the rows. The rows are six inches apart and the bed is four feet wide. Plants remain in this bed from four to five weeks; then they are taken to the field and planted four inches apart in rows and the rows twenty-eight inches apart.

"Sow lettuce seed at the same time that the celery seed is sown and set out in the field four weeks after sowing. The lettuce is intended to be ready to market when the celery plants are ready to be transplanted into the field, which is generally from the twentieth of October to the tenth of November. Celery should be ready to market about ninety to one hundred days after transplanting into the field. Keep on seeding until the middle of January. Celery is marketed from the middle of January to the middle of May. It is cultivated mainly with improved hand tools. The last two plowings are usually done with harrows. The cutting is accomplished by a knife,

The Howard Watch

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That road—the Lackawanna—is one of the 180 railroads that officially adopted the HOWARD Watch for their time-inspection service.

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makes old tires new. We use the old casing as a foundation.

First a heavy coat of rubber is applied. This is entirely covered with two plys of tough, wear-resisting French Chrome Leather. The rubber adheres firmly to the leather, and the result is a tire that has the resilience of a pneumatic with the durability of the best quality leather.

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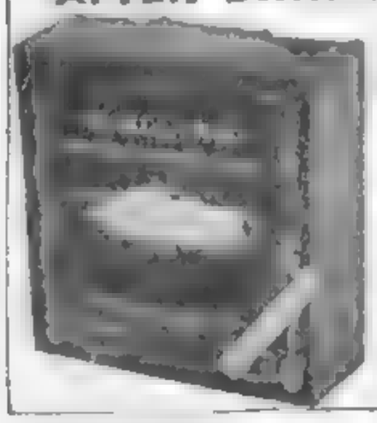

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curving downward between two wheels which straddle the row. This machine is pushed by a man. The knife dips down a trifle below the surface of the soil and cuts a row with remarkable quickness

"Twenty hands are considered a full crew for cutting, sorting and packing a full car of celery a day. All dead leaves are stripped off and the celery is then taken on a wheeled carrier to the packing-table There it is sorted in grades that run four, six and eight dozen stalks to a crate. The crates are eight by twenty by twenty-seven inches in size. Flat crates are used because they afford better ventilation and easier refrigeration. They open handily and the celery keeps good one week after leaving the car at a temperature below 5[illegible]"

The celery growers of Sanford are working on a precooling plant and hope to have it established there within the next few months. This will enable them to put the celery in condition to keep about fifteen to twenty days after being removed from the car. Cantaloups packed in a temperature of 110°, after being subjected to the precooling process, have been known to keep fourteen days on the sidewalk in front of a store and to remain perfectly sound for that length of time. The precooling process takes the ferment out of the fruit.

The Day of Diversified Trucking

In Sanford, Henry Chappell has the reputation of using fertilizer liberally. It is admitted on the other hand, however, that he seldom fails to get generous results and that he makes a profit when there are any profits in the market.

"I put seventy-five dollars' worth of fertilizer to the acre for lettuce," he declares, "and one hundred and fifty dollars' worth per acre for celery, or two hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth in the season. We put one ton and a half on the ground before the plants are set—this is high-grade celery fertilizer, worth about forty dollars a ton. It is broadcasted and plowed in. The balance of the fertilizer is in the form of nitrate of soda or dried blood, or both—costing fifty dollars a ton." Such figures put a marked emphasis on Mr. Chappell's statement that truck farming is a stiff game.

Though celery and lettuce are the main crops grown on the truckfarms of Sanford there are supplementary crops of almost every kind, and, in the opinion of Mr Chappell, the skill with which these secondary crops are "chinked in" is in great measure the test between a good farmer and a poor one. There is scarcely a vegetable or any form of truck that cannot be grown there to practical perfection, the perpetual problem of the grower being to produce that which the Northern market needs and for which it will pay a fair price. Though celery will probably remain for some years the cardinal crop of Sanford and of other Florida points of similar soil and facilities for subirrigation, the opinion prevails among the leading growers that a wider diversity in trucking crops will be the key to safety and success in the future.

The fact that the railroads have lately granted a concession with regard to "mixed cars," containing a variety of produce, will undoubtedly stimulate this wider diversification.

Again, it is highly probable, according to Mr. Chappell, that more careful attention will be paid by growers to cultivating very early and very late celery, thereby expanding the selling season and doing much to prevent the massing of the entire Florida celery crop into a brief period. This will not only serve the interests of growers in operating to prevent a glut in the market and a corresponding slump in prices but it will also serve the interests of the consumer in supplying his table with this delicacy for a longer period.

Raw land in the celery delta of the Sanford district is held at one hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred dollars, according to its location. The highest price paid for cleared, subirrigated land under good cultivation is, so far as I am able to learn, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

A careful inspection of this fascinating phase of intensive farming, of manufacturing from the soil, drives home the conclusion that it is a game for strong men who farm with their wits and are able to meet emergencies with the same quick resourcefulness that the owner of a large manufacturing plant uses in dealing with the exigencies of "the trade" and of "the market."

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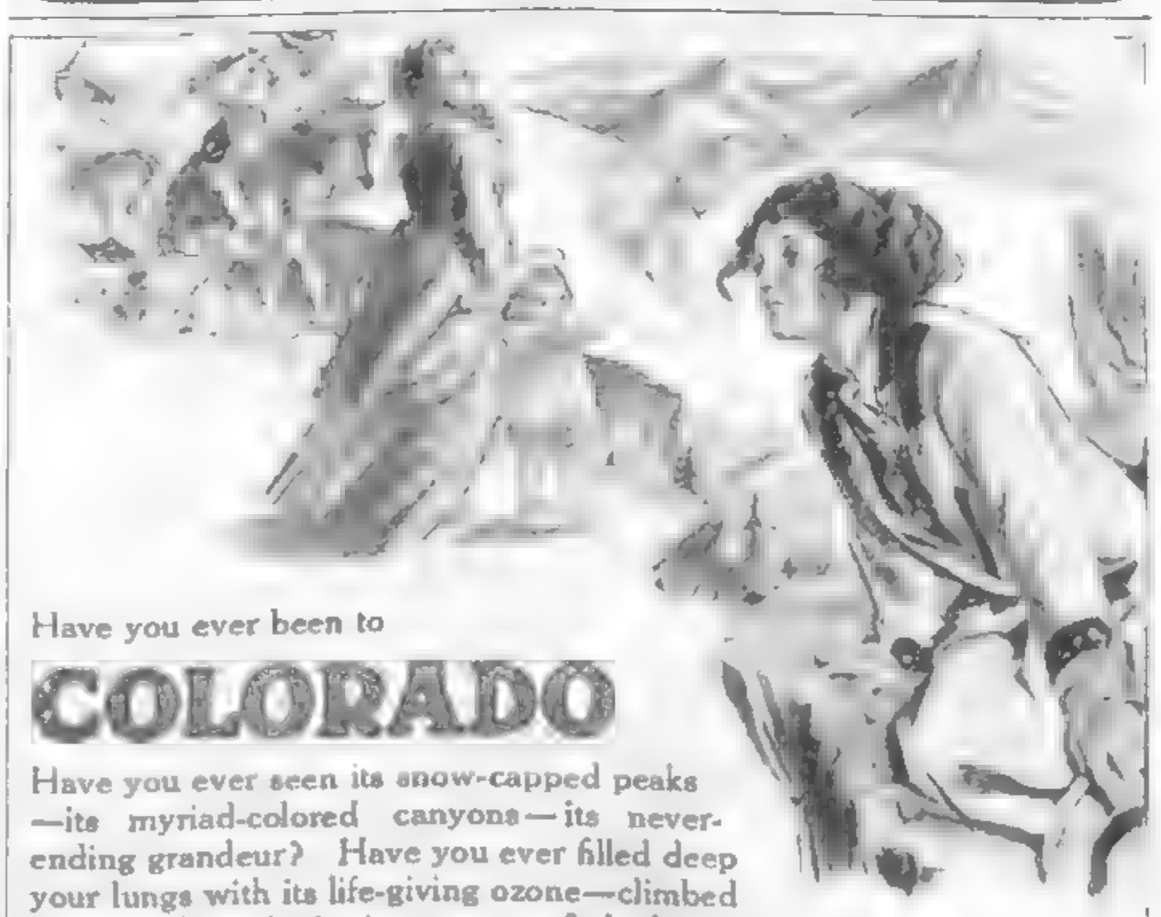

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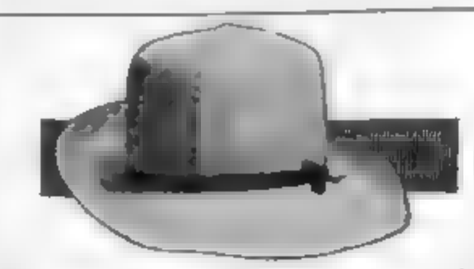

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AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 17)

and last letter. No answer came; and she went dully about the task of forgetting this man forever.

About the middle of July she heard from Stephen that Berkley had enlisted in one of the new unattached cavalry companies, but which one he did not know. Also, she learned that the Third Zouaves had their marching orders and would probably come to the city to receive their colors. Later she heard from the mayor, the common council, and from Major Lent, and prepared for the ceremony.

The ceremony was prettily impressive. Ailsa, Mrs. Craig looking white as death, her daughters, Paige and Marye, and Camilla Lent, wearing a bell-button from Stephen's Zouave jacket, stood on the lawn in front of Ailsa's house, escorted by Colonel Arran, who had returned from Washington with his commission. Near by were the mayor of the city and several red-faced, fat-paunched gentlemen of the common council, and a young officer, Captain Hallam, who stood behind Ailsa and seemed unable to keep his eyes off her.

. . . . . .

Twenty-third Street was packed solid with people and all aflutter with flags under the July sun, when the distant strains of military music and blue lines of police heralded the coming of the Third Zouaves.

Band crashing, raw, gray horses of field and staff officers dancing, the regiment came swinging down the wide, stony street a torrent of red and gold, a broad shaft of silvery bayonets—and halted, facing the group of ladies and officials.

And Celia Craig looked down at her husband where he sat his great gray horse. Their last good-by had already been said. He sat erect, calm, gazing quietly up at her through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses; from his blue sleeves' edge to the points of his shoulders glittered the twisted gold sixfold arabesques of his rank.

The roar of cheers was dying away now; a girlish figure in white had moved forward to the edge of the lawn, carrying two standards in her arms; and her voice was very clear and sweet and perfectly audible to everybody:

"Colonel Craig, officers and soldiers of the Third New York Zouaves: The ladies of the Church of Sainte Ursula have requested me in their name to present to you this set of colors. God guard them and you!

"Remember that, although these flags are now yours, they still remain ours. Your cause is ours. Your vows our vows. Your loyalty to God and country is part of our loyalty to God, to country and to you."

She stood silent, pensive, a moment, then stretched out her arms, a flag in either hand; and the Colonel rode straight up to where she stood, took the silken colors and handed them to the two color-sergeants. Then, while an orderly advanced to the head of his horse, Colonel Craig dismounted and quietly ascended the steps beside the little group of ladies and city officials.

"On behalf of the officers and men of the Third New York Zouaves," he said, "I thank you. We are grateful. I think that we all mean to do our best.

"If we cannot, in the hour of trial, do all that is expected of us, we will do all that is in us to do.

"It is very easy to dress a thousand men in uniform and invest them with the surroundings of military life, but it is not thus alone that soldiers are made. It is only discipline—regular, steady, rigid discipline—that forms a soldier to be relied upon in the hour of need.

"At present we are only recruits. So I ask, in justice to the regiment, that you will not demand too much of us in the beginning. We desire to learn; we desire most earnestly to deserve your confidence. I can only say that we will try to prove ourselves not unworthy guardians of these flags you have given us."

He bowed, turned to go, swung around sharply and looked at his wife. "Good-by, my darling," he said under his breath, and the next moment he was in the saddle.

All the rest that Ailsa recollected distinctly was the crash of military music, the sustained cheering, the clatter of hoofs, the moving column of red and gold—and Celia, ashy pale, standing there under the July sun, her daughters' hands in hers.

So the Third Zouaves marched gayly away under their new silk flags to their

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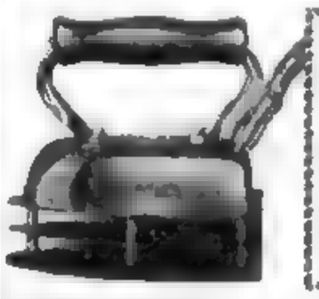

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transport at Pier No. 3, North River. But the next day another regiment received its colors and went, and every day or so more regiments departed with their brand-new colors; and after a little only friends and relatives remembered the Third Zouaves and what their colonel's name was.

. . . . . .

By the middle of July the transformation of the metropolis from a city into a vast military carnival was complete. Gaudy uniforms were no longer the exception; a madness for fantastic brilliancy seized the people; soldiers in all kinds of colors and all kinds of dress filled the streets. Hotels, shops, ferryboats, stages, cars, swarmed with undisciplined troops of all arms of the service, clad in all sorts of extravagant uniforms. Except for the more severe state uniform and the rarer uniform of national troops, eccentric costumes were the rule. It was a carnival of military absurdity. Regiments were continually entering the city, regiments were continually leaving it; regiments in transit disembarked overnight only to resume the southward journey by steamer or train; regiments in camp and barrack were completing organization and being mustered in by United States officers. Gorgeous regiments paraded for inspection, for drill, for the reception of state and regimental colors; three months' troops were returning, bands madly playing; two and three years' regiments leaving, drums beating frantically

The bewildering variety of cut and color in the uniforms of this vast army which was being made to order had been, in a measure, rendered comparatively homogeneous by the adoption of the regulation blue overcoat; but many a regiment wore its own pattern of overcoat, many a regiment went forward in civilian attire without arms and equipment, on the assurance that these details were to be supplied in Washington. The dress of almost every foreign army in Europe was represented among the regiments forming or in transit.

The city remained in painful suspense concerning its raw, multicolored and undisciplined army. Every few days arose rumors of a great battle fought on Virginia soil, corroborated by extras, denied next morning. During the last half of July such reports had been current daily, tightening the tension, frightening parents, wives and sweethearts.

. . . . . .

To Ailsa Paige, June and July passed like fevered dreams; the brief, sweet spring had suddenly turned into summer in a single day—a strange, stifling, menacing summer full of heavy little thunderstorms that rolled crackling and banging up the Hudson amid vivid electric displays, leaving no coolness behind their trailing wakes.

Society was lingering late in town—if the few nebulous, unorganized and scattered social groups could be called society—small coteries drawn temporarily together by accident of environment, inherited family acquaintance, traditional, material or religious interest, and sometimes by haphazard intellectual compatibility.

In the city and in Ailsa's little world the simple social routine centering in Sainte Ursula's and the Assembly in winter and in Long Branch and Saratoga in summer had been utterly disorganized. Very few of her friends had yet left for the country; nor had she made any arrangements for this strange, unreal summer, partly because, driven to find relief from memory in occupation, she was devoting herself very seriously to the medical instruction under Doctor Benton; partly because she did not consider it fitting to seek the coolness and luxury of inland spa or seaside pier.

Colonel Arran had brought back with him from Washington a Captain Hallam, a handsome youngster who wore his cavalry uniform to perfection and who had become instantly attentive to Ailsa—so attentive that before she realized it he was a regular visitor at her house, appropriating the same chair that Berkley always had—Berkley!——

At the memory she closed her eyes instinctively and her little even teeth too, with both her hands resting on the arms of her chair. The wound throbbed. The scar hurt still. But it had become a scar at last.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Paige?" inquired Captain Hallam anxiously. "Are you faint?"

She opened her eyes and smiled in pretense of surprise at such a question; and Hallam muttered: "I thought you seemed

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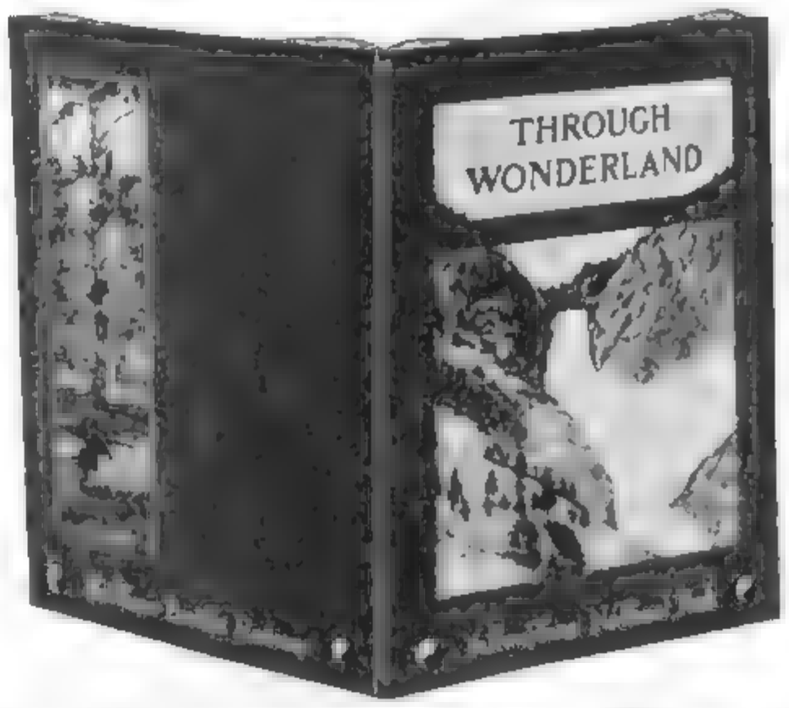

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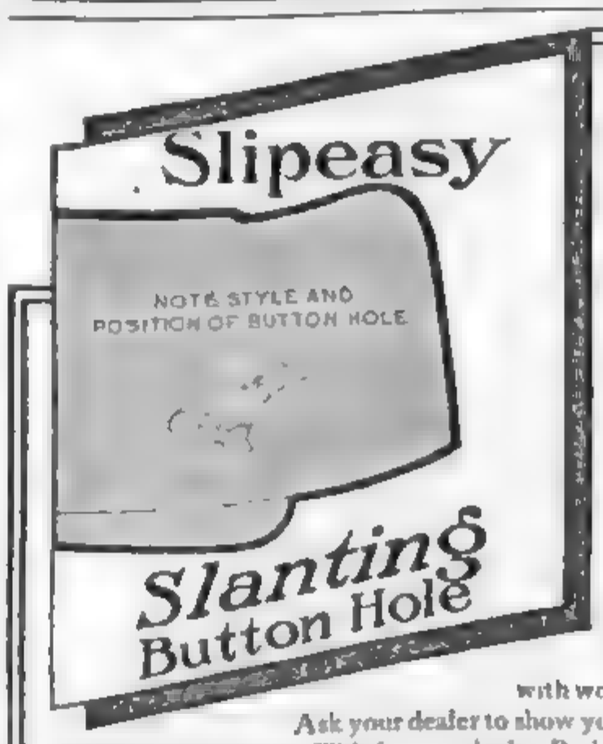

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¼ and ¾ sizes

A high fold collar that will fit perfectly and look and feel well.

For your protection, all Barker Brand collars bear the Bull Dog trade mark. Always look for it. Many styles to select from in ¼ and ¾ sizes—all 2 for 25c. *If your dealer cannot supply you*, send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered postpaid to you.

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WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

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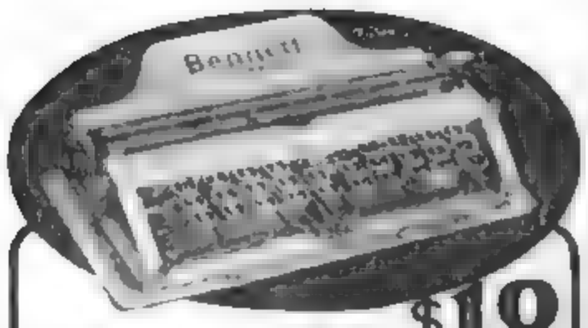

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Guaranteed One Year
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The Bennett is a portable, visible-writing, ink-ribbon typewriter, standard keyboard; light, simple, speedy, compact, strong. In neat case, size only 2 x 5 x 11 inches, weight only 4½ pounds. Made from best materials by experts.

Send Name and Address
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Lisle 10c a pair; 12 pairs $1.
Silk—25c a pair; 12 pairs $2.75

Every pair in a sealed wax envelope bearing the Togard trademark

Sold by dealers throughout the world. If yours should not have Togards, we'll send them prepaid on receipt of price—be sure to state size of stockings.

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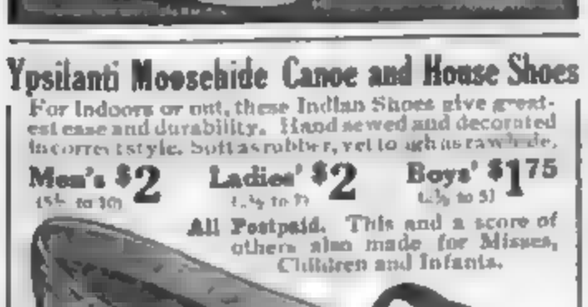

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rather pale all of a sudden." Then he brightened up and went gayly on with what he had been saying.

"We've got nine full companies already, and the tenth, K, is an independent company that we're taking in to complete our organization. Colonel Arran and I stopped in Philadelphia to inspect Colonel Rush's regiment of lancers—the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry—because the French officers on McClellan's staff have put it into his head that he needs lancers——"

"Is Colonel Arran's regiment to carry lances?" interrupted Ailsa in unfeigned surprise.

Hallam nodded, laughing. "We recruited as light cavalry, armed with saber and pistol; but General McClellan has ordered that we carry the lance in addition. The department had none to issue until the foreign samples arrived. We are ordered to carry a lance of the Austrian pattern, nine feet long, with an eleven-inch, three-edged blade; the staff of Norway fir about an inch and a quarter through, with ferrule and counterpoise at the heel. Do I make myself clear, Mrs. Paige?"

Ailsa, thinking of Berkley, flushed slightly and nodded.

"There'll be a scarlet, swallow-tailed pennon on the end just below the blade point. The whole affair will weigh about five pounds," concluded Hallam, rising to take his leave; "and I've got to be off to camp."

"When do you go? Colonel Arran said nothing about going"

"Oh, I expect we'll be on our way before very long. We are not in the best of shape yet; that's not to be expected. But there's a sad lack of cavalry in Washington, and they may want us to go whether we're ready or not. They sent off a regiment that had neither arms nor uniforms and couldn't even keep step, the other day. I've an idea we are going pretty soon." He took Ailsa's offered hand, looked at her a little earnestly, smiled in self-satisfaction and went his way.

. . . . . .

Later he came back for a few moments, and all through the week he continued to come back for a few moments whenever he had an hour's leave. And every time he took his leave his smile became less nervous and more confident.

Ailsa was very unhappy; devotion to Doctor Benton's class helped; devotion to Celia in her brief visits to Brooklyn helped too; devotion to others, to prayer, all helped as long as it was devotion of some sort.

And now this young, blue-eyed, blond-haired fellow was on the edge of offering to devote himself to her. She knew it; wondered whether this was her refuge from care. And when he did at last she was quietly prepared to answer.

"Captain Hallam," she said slowly, "I do like you. I don't know whether I could ever learn to love you. I am not very happy; it might influence my judgment. If you are willing to wait until I know more about myself ——"

Oh, he would wait! Certainly. Meanwhile, would she wear his ring—not exactly an engagement—unless she was willing—but ——

She hesitated. Lonelier than she had ever been in all her life, no longer self-sufficient, wistfully hopeless, needing to devote herself absolutely to something or somebody, she hesitated. But that evening when Hallam came with his ring she could not bring herself to accept what she now seemed to be most deeply in need of—the warm, eager, complacent affection that he laid at her feet. She was not yet able—could not; and the desolate memories of Berkley set the wound aching anew. . . . No, she could promise nothing to this young fellow—nothing yet. . . . Perhaps, in the future—as time passed—she might venture to wear his ring—and see what happened to her. But she would not promise—she would not talk of marrying him.

That night she cried herself to sleep over the memory of Berkley. And all night long she dreamed of him and of his blessed nearness.

All that day the city was filled with rumors of a great battle fought in Virginia. The morning's papers hailed it with triumphant headlines and columns of praise and thanksgiving for a great victory won. But at night the inhabitants of the stunned city knew that Bull Run had been fought and lost, and the Confederacy was at the gates of Washington.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Six Full Working days. Note well the time. No less—for that would mean skimping and neglect. No more—for that would mean soldiering and delay.

When a garment is overdue, we forfeit $1 a day for the delay. And we emphasize that, not because of the significance of the dollar—or not because it is vital to you to get your suit within any set time—but because it is a proof of the amazing perfection that has been reached in the Royal organization.

The same system, the same masterful control that enables us to accept thousands of orders every week and turn them out on the same uniform working schedule, without the slip of an hour or the slight of a stitch, is the efficiency that is making Royal Tailor clothes the marvel of all tailordom.

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THE COMPETITIVE NEPHEW

(Continued from Page 7)

"Sure, I know," Max rejoined; "and you couldn't make it a couple blue eyes on a feller when ladies would be present neither, Aaron. It wouldn't be etty-kit."

"Me, I ain't so strong on the etty-kit," Sam broke in at this juncture; "but I do know, Max, that we are fooling away our whole morning here."

Aaron Pinsky rose.

"Well, boys," he said, "I got to be going. So I wish you luck with your new boy."

Once more he looked affectionately toward the rear of the room where Philip industriously wielded the feather duster, and then made his way toward the elevator. As he passed Miss Meyerson's desk she looked up and beamed a farewell at him. He caught it out of the corner of his eye and frowned absently.

"I wish you better," Miss Meyerson called.

"Thanks very much," Aaron replied, as the floor of the descending elevator made a dark line across the groundglass door of the shaft. He half paused for a moment, but his shyness overcame him.

"Going down!" he yelled, and thrusting his hat more firmly on his head he disappeared into the elevator.

III

THREE days afterward Aaron Pinsky again visited Zaretsky & Fatkin, and as he alighted from the elevator Miss Meyerson came out of her office with a small package in her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Pinsky," she said, "I've got something for you."

"Me?" Aaron cried, stopping short in his progress toward the showroom. "All right."

"You know I couldn't get to sleep the other night thinking of the way you were coughing," she continued. "Every time I closed my eyes I could hear it."

Evidently this remark called for comment of some kind, and Aaron searched his brain for a suitable rejoinder.

"That's nice," he murmured at last.

"So I spoke to my cousin, Mrs. Doctor Goldenreich, about it," she went on, "and the doctor gave me this medicine for you. You should take a tablespoonful every four hours, and when it's all gone I'll get you some more."

She handed the bottle to Aaron, who thrust it into his overcoat pocket.

"Thanks; much obliged," he said hoarsely.

"Don't mention it," she commented as she returned to the office.

Aaron looked after her in blank surprise. "Sure not," he muttered, starting off for the showroom in long, frightened strides.

"Say, Max," he said, "what's the matter with that girl? Is she *verruckt*?"

"*Verruckt!*" Max exclaimed. "What d'ye mean *verruckt?* Say, lookyhere, Aaron, you should be careful what you are saying about a lady like Miss Meyerson. She already found where Louis Sen makes mistakes, which *Gott weiss wie viel* it costed us yet. You shouldn't say nothing about that girl, Aaron, because she is a crackerjack, A Number One bookkeeper."

"Did I say she wasn't?" Aaron replied. "I am only saying she acts to me very funny, Max. She gives me this here bottle of medicine just now."

He poked the package at Max, who handled it gingerly, as though it might explode at any minute.

"What d'ye give it to me for?" he cried. "I don't want it."

"Well, I don't want it neither," Aaron replied. "She ain't got no right to act fresh like that and give me medicine which I ain't asked for at all."

He looked exceedingly hurt and voiced his indignation with a tremendous whoop, the forerunner of a dozen minor whoops which shaded off into a succession of wheezes. It seemed to Max and Sam that Aaron would never succeed in catching his breath, and just when he appeared to be at his ultimate gasp Miss Meyerson ran up with a tablespoon. She snatched the bottle from Max's grasp and, tearing off the wrapping-paper, she drew the cork and poured a generous dose.

"Take this right now," she commanded, pressing the spoon to Aaron's lips. With a despairing glance at Max he swallowed the medicine and immediately afterward made a horrible grimace.

"T'phooee!" he cried. "What the what are you trying to do—poison me?"

"That won't poison you," Miss Meyerson declared. "It'll do you good. All he needs is about six more doses, Mr. Fatkin, and he'd be rid of that cough in no time."

Max nodded.

"Miss Meyerson is right, Aaron," he said. "You ought to take care of yourself."

Aaron wiped his eyes and his mustache with his handkerchief.

"You ain't got maybe a little *schnapps* in your desk, Max?" he said.

"*Schnapps* is the worst thing you could take, Mr. Pinsky," Miss Meyerson cried. "Don't give him any, Mr. Fatkin; it'll only make him worse."

She shook her head warningly at Aaron as she and Sam walked back to the office.

"What d'ye think for a fresh woman like that?" he said to Max as Miss Meyerson's head once more bent over her books.

"She ain't fresh, Aaron," Max replied. "She's just got a heart, y'understand."

"But ——" Aaron began.

"But nothing, Aaron," Max broke in. "I will wrap up the medicine and you will take it home with you. The girl knows what she is talking about, Aaron, and the best thing for you to do is to leave off *schnapps* a little while and do what she says you should. I see on the bottle it's from Doctor Goldenreich. He's a specialitist from the chest and lungs, and I bet yer if you would go to him he would soak you ten dollars yet."

No argument could have appealed so strongly to Aaron as this did, and he thrust the bottle into his breast pocket without another word.

"And how is Fillup coming on?" he asked.

"We couldn't complain," Max replied. "The boy is a good boy, Aaron. He is learning our line like he would be with us six months already."

"That's good," Aaron commented. "I bet yer before he would be here a month yet he would know the line as good as Sam and you."

Max smiled.

"I says the boy is a good boy, Aaron," he said, "but I never says he was a miracle, y'understand."

"That ain't no miracle, Max," Aaron retorted. "That's a prophecy."

Max smiled again, but the prediction more than justified itself in less than a month, for at the end of that time Philip knew the style-number and price of every garment in Zaretsky & Fatkin's line.

"I never see nothing like it, Sam," Max said. "The boy is a human catalogue. You couldn't stump him on nothing."

"Sure, I know," Sam replied. "Sometimes I got to think we make a mistake in letting that boy know all our business."

"A mistake!" Max repeated. "What d'ye mean a mistake?"

"I mean, Max, that the first thing you know Aaron goes around blowing to our competitors how well that boy is doing here, Max, and then a concern like Sammet Brothers or Klinger & Klein would offer the boy seven dollars a week, and some fine day we'll come downtown and find that Fillup's got another job. Also the feller what hires him would have a human catalogue of our whole line, prices and style-numbers complete."

"Always you are looking for trouble, Sam," Max cried.

"Looking for it I ain't, Max. I don't got to look for it, because when a feller got it a competitor like Greenberg & Sen, Max, he could find trouble without looking for it. Them suckers was eating lunch in Wasserbauer's on Monday when Aaron goes in there with Fillup. Elenbogen, of Lapidus & Elenbogen, seen the whole thing, Max, and he told it me this morning in the subway to make me feel bad. Sometimes without meaning it at all a feller could do you a big favor when he tells you something for spite. Ain't it?"

"But what did he tell you?" Max asked.

"He says that Greenberg and Sen goes over to Aaron's table and the first thing you know a box of cigars is going around and Fillup is drinking a bottle of celery tonic. Elenbogen says you would think Aaron was nobody, because them two fellers ain't paid no attentions to him at all. Everything was Fillup. They made a big holler about the boy, Max, and they asks Elenbogen to lend 'em his fountain pen so the

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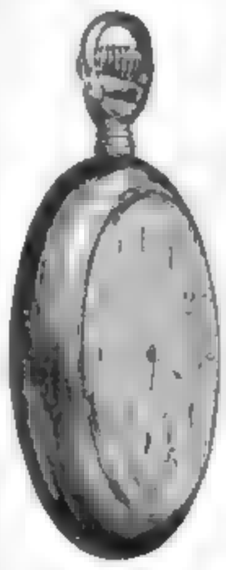

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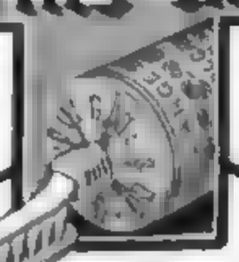

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boy could make it birds on the back of the bill-off-fare. Elenbogen says his fountain-pen was out of business ever since. Also, Sen insists on taking the bill-off-fare away with him, and Elenbogen says Aaron feels so set up about it he thought he would spit blood yet, the way he coughs."

"That's a couple of foxy young fellers," Max said. "You could easy get around a feller like Aaron Pinsky, Sam. He's a soft proposition."

Sam nodded, and was about to voice another criticism of Aaron much less complimentary in character when the elevator door clanged and Aaron himself entered the showroom.

"Well, boys," he said, "looks like we would get an early spring. Here it is only February already and I feel it that the winter is pretty near over. I could always tell by my throat what the weather is going to be. My cough lets up on me something wonderful, and with me that's always what you would call a sign of spring."

"Might it's a sign that Miss Meyerson's medicine done you good, maybe," Max commented.

"Well, certainly it ain't done me no harm," Aaron said. "I took six bottles already, and though it ain't the tastiest thing in the world, y'understand, it loosens up the chest something wonderful."

He slapped himself in the region of the diaphragm and sat down deliberately.

"However," he began, "I ain't come to talk to you about myself. I got something else to say."

He paused impressively, while Max and Sam exchanged mournful glances.

"I come to talk to you about Fillup," he continued. "There's a boy which he got it ability, y'understand. Five dollars a week is nothing for a boy like that."

"Ain't it?" Max retorted. "Where could you find it a boy which is only six weeks in his first job and gets more, Aaron?"

Aaron waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I don't got to go very far away from here, Max," he said, "to find a concern which would be willing to pay such a boy like Fillup ten dollars a week, and that's twicet as much as five."

"But, Aaron ——" Max began, when Sam Zaretsky rose to his feet and raised his hand in the solemn gesture of a traffic policeman at a busy crossing.

"Listen here to me, Aaron," Sam declared. "Always up to now you been a good friend to us. You bought from us goods which certainly we try our best to make up A Number One, and the prices also we made right. In return you always paid us prompt to the day and you give us also a whole lot of advice, which we took it in the spirit in which it was given us. That's all right too."

He stopped for breath and wet his dry lips before he proceeded.

"Also," he continued, "when you come to us and wanted us we should take on Fillup, Aaron, we didn't need him, y'understand, but all the same we took him because always you was a good customer of ours, and certainly, Aaron, I got to say that the boy is a good boy and he is worth to us if not five dollars a week, anyhow four dollars a week."

There was an ominous silence in the showroom as Sam gave himself another rest before continuing his ultimatum.

"But," he went on, "when you come to us and tell us that Greenberg & Sen offers the boy ten dollars a week and that we should raise him also, Aaron, all I got to say is—we wouldn't do it. Greenberg & Sen want your trade, Aaron; they don't want the boy. But if they got to pay the boy ten dollars a week, Aaron, then they would do so, and if it was also necessary to pay him fifteen, they would do that too. Then, Aaron, when you would buy goods off of them all they do is to add Fillup's wages to the price of the goods, y'understand, and practically he would work for them for nothing, because the wages comes out of your pocket, Aaron, and not theirs."

"I never said nothing at all about Greenberg & Sen," Aaron blurted out.

"No one else would make such a proposition, Aaron," Sam said, "because no one else wants business so bad as that. Ourselves we could offer the boy ten dollars too, and although we could make it up by skimping on the garments; but we ain't that kind, Aaron. A business man is got to be on the level with his customers, Aaron, otherwise he wouldn't be in business long; and you take it from me, Aaron, these here

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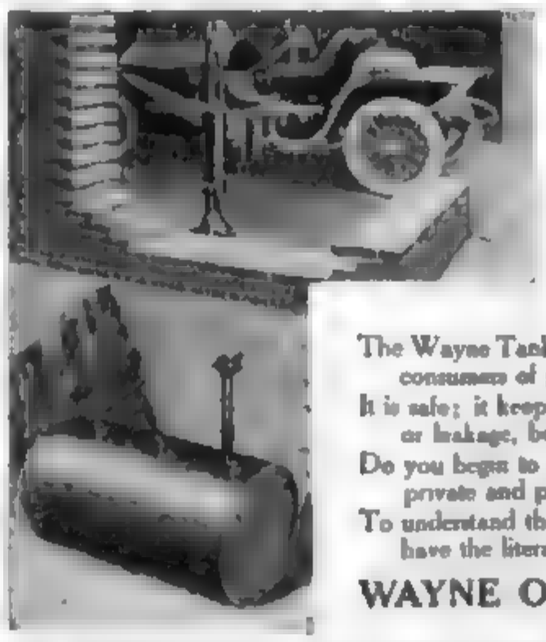

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two young fellers, Greenberg & Sen, would got to do business differencely or it would be quick good-by with 'em, and don't you forget it."

Aaron Pinsky rose to his feet and gazed hard at Sam Zaretsky.

"Shall I tell you something, Sam?" he said. "You are sore at them two boys because they quit you and goes into business by themselves. Ain't it?"

"I ain't sore they goes into business, Aaron," Sam replied. "Everybody must got to make a start, Aaron, and certainly it ain't easy for a new beginner to get established, y'understand. Also competition is competition, Aaron, and we ourselves cop out a competitor's trade oncet in a while, too, Aaron, but Greenberg & Sen takes advantage, Aaron. They see that you are fond of that boy Fillup, and certainly it does you credit, because you ain't married and you ain't got no children of your own, Aaron. But it don't do them credit that they work you for business by pretending that they want the boy because he is a smart boy and that they are going to pay him ten dollars a week because he a worth it. No, Aaron; they don't want the boy in the first place, and in the second place he ain't worth ten dollars a week, and in the third place they ain't going to pay him ten dollars a week, because they will add it to the cost of their garments; and, Aaron, if you want any fourth, fifth or sixth places I could stand here talking for an hour. But I got business to attend to, Aaron, and so you must excuse me."

He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and walked stolidly toward the cutting-room, while Aaron blinked in default of a suitable rejoinder.

"My partner is right, Aaron," Max said "He is right, Aaron, even if he is the kind of feller that would throw me out of the window, supposing I says half the things to you as he did. But anyhow, Aaron, that ain't neither here nor there. You heard what Sam says, Aaron, and me, I stick to it also."

Aaron blinked once or twice more and then he put on his hat.

"All right," he said. "All right."

He turned toward the front of the showroom where his nephew was sorting over a pile of garments.

"Fillup!" he bellowed. "You should put on your hat and coat and come with me."

IV

IT WAS during the third month of Philip Pinsky's employment with Greenberg & Sen that Blaukopf, the druggist, insisted on a new coat of white paint for the interior of his up-to-date store at the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-second Street. His landlord demurred at first, but finally, in the middle of June, a painter's wagon stopped in front of the store and Harris Shein, painter and decorator, alighted with two assistants. They conveyed into the store pots of white lead and cans of turpentine, gasoline and other inflammable liquids used in the removal and mixing of paints. Harris Shein was smoking a paper cigarette, and one of the assistants, profiting by his employer's example, pulled a corncob pipe from his pocket. Then, after he had packed the tobacco down firmly with his finger, he drew a match across the seat of his trousers and forthwith he began a three months' period of enforced abstinence from house-painting and decorating. Simultaneously Blaukopf's plate glass show-window fell into the street, the horse ran away with the painter's wagon, a policeman turned in a fire alarm, three thousand children came on the run from a radius of ten blocks, and Mr. Blaukopf's stock in trade punctuated the cremation of his fixtures with loud explosions at uncertain intervals. In less than half an hour the entire building was gutted, and when the firemen withdrew their apparatus Mr. Blaukopf searched in vain for his prescription books. They had resolved themselves into their original elements and the number on the label of the bottle which Aaron carried around in his breast pocket provided no clew to the ingredients of the medicine thus contained.

"That's a fine note," Aaron declared to Philip, as they surveyed the black ruins the next morning. "Now what would I do? Without that medicine I will cough my face off already."

He examined the label of the bottle and sighed.

"I suppose I could go and see that Doctor Goldenreich," he said, "and right away I am out ten dollars."

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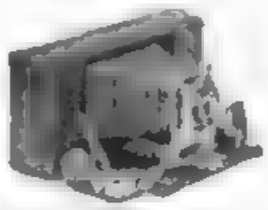

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"Why don't you ring up Miss Meyerson over at Zaretsky & Fatkin's?" Philip suggested.

Aaron sighed heavily. His business relations with Greenberg & Sen had proved far from satisfactory, and it was only Philip's job and his own sense of shame that prevented him from resuming his dealings with Zaretsky & Fatkin.

As for Sam and Max, they missed their old customer both financially and socially.

"Yes, Sam," Max said the day after Blaukopf's fire, "things ain't the same around here like in former times already."

"If you mean in the office, Max," Sam said, "I'm glad they ain't. That's a fine bookkeeper we got it, Max, and a fine woman too. Ain't it a shame and a disgrace for young fellers nowadays, Max, that a fine woman like Miss Meyerson is already thirty-five and should be single? My Sarah is crazy about her. Her and Sarah goes to a matinée last Saturday afternoon together and Sarah asks her to dinner tomorrow."

Max nodded.

"With some bookkeepers, Sam," he said, "you couldn't do such things. Right away they would take advantage. Miss Meyerson, that's something else again. She takes an interest in our business, Sam. Even a grouch like Aaron Pinsky she treated good."

"I bet yer," Sam replied. "I seen Elenbogen in the subway this morning and he tells me Aaron goes around blowing about paying a thousand dollars to a professor uptown and he gives him a medicine which cures his cough completely. I bet yer that's the same medicine which he got it originally from Miss Meyerson."

"I bet yer," Max agreed as the telephone bell rang. Sam hastened to answer it.

"Hallo!" he said. "Yes, this is Zaretsky & Fatkin. You want to speak to Miss Meyerson? All right. Miss Meyerson! Telephone!"

Miss Meyerson came from her office and took the receiver from Sam.

"Hello," she said. "Who is this, please?"

The answer made her clap her hand over the transmitter.

"It's Aaron Pinsky," she said to Max, and both partners sprang to their feet.

"What does he want?" Sam hissed.

Miss Meyerson waved them to silence and resumed her conversation over the 'phone.

"Hello, Mr. Pinsky," she said. "What can I do for you?"

She listened patiently to Aaron's narrative of the fire in Blaukopf's drug store, and when he had concluded she winked furtively at her employers.

"Mr. Pinsky," she said, "won't you repeat that over again? I didn't understand it."

Once more Aaron explained the details of the prescription book's incineration and again Miss Meyerson winked.

"Mr. Pinsky," she said, "I can't make out what you say. Why don't you stop in here at twelve o'clock? Mr. Zaretsky is going to Newark and Mr. Fatkin will be out to lunch."

She listened carefully for a few minutes and then her face broke into a broad grin.

"All right, Mr. Pinsky," she concluded. "Good-by."

She turned to her employers.

"He's coming here at twelve o'clock," she said. "He told me that the drug store burnt down where he gets his cough medicine and he wants another prescription. And I said I didn't understand him so as to get him over here."

"Well, what good would that do?" Max asked.

"I don't know exactly," Miss Meyerson answered, "but I saw Mr. Pinsky coming out of Greenberg & Sen's last week and he looked positively miserable. I guess he's just as anxious to get back here as you are to have him."

"Sure, I know," Max commented, "but we wouldn't pay that young feller, Fillup, ten dollars a week, and that's all there is to it."

"Perhaps you won't have to," said Miss Meyerson. "Perhaps if you leave this thing to me I can get Pinsky to come back here and have Philip stay over to Greenberg & Sen's."

"Huh!" Max snorted. "A fine chance that boy got it to keep his job if Aaron Pinsky quits buying goods! They'll fire him on the spot."

"Then we'll take him in here again," Sam declared. "He'll be glad to come back at the old figure, I bet yer."

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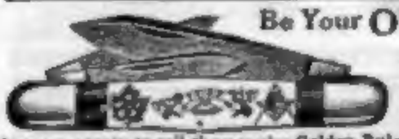

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"That's all right," Max grunted. "Never meld your cards till you see what's in the widder. First, Miss Meyerson will talk to him, and then we will consider taking back Fillup."

"Sure," Sam rejoined, "and you and me will go over to Wasserbauer's and wait there till Miss Meyerson telephones us."

It was precisely twelve when the elevator stopped at Zaretsky & Fatkin's floor. Aaron Pinsky alighted and walked on tiptoe to the office.

"Hallo, Miss Meyerson!" he said, extending his hand; "is any of the boys around?"

"They're both out," Miss Meyerson replied, shaking Aaron's proffered hand. "It looks like old times to see you back here."

"Don't it?" Pinsky said. "It feels like old times to me. Is the boys busy?"

"Very," said Miss Meyerson. "We're doing twice the business that the books show we did a year ago."

Aaron beamed.

"That's good," he said. "Them boys deserves it, Miss Meyerson. When you come to consider it, Miss Meyerson, I got pretty good treatment here. The goods was always made up right and the prices also. I never had no complaint to make. But certainly a feller has got to look out for his family, and so long as my nephew gets along good I couldn't kick if oncet in a while Greenberg & Sen sticks me with a couple of garments. Last week they done me up good with eight skirts."

"And how is Philip?" Miss Meyerson asked.

"Miss Meyerson," Aaron began, "that boy is a good boy, y'understand, but somehow or another Greenberg & Sen don't take no interest in him at all. I don't think he learns much there, even though they did raise him two dollars last week."

"And how is your cough getting on, Mr. Pinsky?" Miss Meyerson continued.

"Since I ain't been taking the medicine it ain't been so good," Aaron announced, and, as if in corroboration of his statement, he immediately entered upon a fit of coughing that well-nigh strangled him. After Miss Meyerson had brought him a glass of water he repeated the narrative of the burned-out drug store and produced the bottle from his breast pocket.

"That's too bad that the prescription was burned," Miss Meyerson said. "I'll get another one from my cousin's husband tonight and bring it down here tomorrow."

"Hold on there, Miss Meyerson," Aaron said. "Tomorrow them boys might be in here, and I don't want to risk it."

"Why, they wouldn't bite you, Mr. Pinsky," she declared.

"Sure, I know. But the fact is I feel kind of funny about meeting 'em again—just yet a while, anyhow."

"But, Mr. Pinsky," Miss Meyerson went on persuasively, "it's foolish of you to feel that way about it."

"Maybe it is," Aaron admitted, "but, just the same, Miss Meyerson, if you wouldn't think it fresh or anything, I'd like to come up and call on you tonight, if you don't mind, Miss Meyerson, and you could give me the prescription then."

"Why, certainly," Miss Meyerson cried heartily. She turned to her desk and opened her handbag.

"Here's my card," she said. "I live with my cousin, Mrs. Goldenreich."

"Thanks; much obliged," Aaron murmured, pocketing the card. "I'll be there at eight o'clock."

Once more he glanced furtively around him and then, with a final handshake, he started off on tiptoe for the stairs. As soon as he disappeared Miss Meyerson took up the receiver.

"Ten-oh-four-oh, Harlem," she said.

"Hello," she continued, "is this you, Bertha? Well, this is Miriam. Will you send over to Reisbecker's and get a four-pound haddock? Never mind what I want it for. I'm going to have company tonight. Yes, that's right, and I want to make some *gefüllte fische*. You say you have plenty of onions? Well, then, I'll bring home ten cents' worth of Spanish saffron and half a dozen fresh eggs. I'll make some *mohnkuchen* after I get home. Did my white silk waist come back from the cleaners? I don't care. You can't jolly me. Good-by."

It was almost one o'clock before she remembered to telephone over to Wasserbauer's, and when Sam and Max returned they dashed into the office and exclaimed: "Well?" with what the musical critics call splendid attack.

"He's coming over to call on me tonight," Miss Meyerson replied with a blush, "and I'll see what I can do then."

"You see, Sam," Max commented, "I told you you shouldn't reckon up how much chickens you will got till the hen lays 'em."

V

MAX FATKIN visited a buyer at an uptown hotel on his way to the office the following morning, so that it was nearly nine before he entered his showroom. As he walked from the elevator he glanced toward Miss Meyerson's desk. It was vacant.

"Sam," he cried, "where's Miss Meyerson?"

Sam Zaretsky emerged from behind a rack of skirts and shrugged his shoulders.

"She's late, the first time since she's been with us, Max," he replied.

"Might she is sick, maybe," Max suggested. "I'll ring up her cousin, the doctor, and find out?"

"That's a good idee," Sam replied. Max was passing the elevator door when it opened with a scrape and a clang.

"Hallo, Max!" a familiar voice cried.

Max turned toward the elevator and gasped, for it was Pinsky who stepped out. His wonder grew to astonishment, however, when he beheld Aaron tenderly assisting Miss Meyerson to alight from the elevator.

"Good-morning," she said. "I'm late."

"That's all right," Max cried. "Any one which is always so prompt like you has a right to be late oncet in a while."

He looked at Aaron shyly and wet his lips with his tongue.

"Well," he began, "how's the boy?"

"Fillup is feeling fine, *Gott sei dank*," Aaron replied. "But never mind Fillup now. I come here because I got to tell you something, Max. Where's Sam?"

"Here I am, Aaron," Sam said, as he came fairly running from the showroom. "And you don't got to tell us nothing, Aaron, because a feller could buy goods where he wants to. Always up to three months ago you was a good friend to us, Aaron, and even if you wouldn't buy nothing from us at all we are glad to see you around here oncet in a while anyhow."

"But, Sam," Aaron replied, "give me a chance to say something. Goods I ain't buying it today. I got other things to buy."

He turned to Miss Meyerson with a wide, affectionate grin on his kindly face.

"Yes, Sam," he continued, "I got a two-and-a-half carat blue-white solitaire diamond ring to buy."

"What!" Sam cried, while Max gazed at Miss Meyerson with his eyes bulging.

"That's right," Aaron went on; "a feller ain't never too old to make a home, and even if there would be ten years difference in our ages, ten years ain't so much."

"Especially when it's nearer twenty," Sam added gallantly.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," Aaron said. "The thing is, Max, that a woman ain't got no business in business unless she's got to, and Miriam ain't got to so long as I could help it. Yes, Sam, three months from today you and Max and Mrs. Fatkin and Mrs. Zaretsky would all come to dinner at our house and Miriam would make the finest *gefüllte fische* which it would fairly melt in your mouth."

"I congradulate you, Miss Meyerson," Sam said. "We are losing the best bookkeeper which we ever got."

"Well, that's all right, Sam," Aaron cried. "You know where you could always get another. Fillup ain't going to hold that job with them suckers any longer."

"And since we aren't going to be married for two months yet," Miss Meyerson added, "I'll keep my position here and break Philip into his new job."

"That suits us fine," Sam declared. "And to show you we ain't small we will start him at the same money what we pay Miss Meyerson—fifteen dollars a week."

Aaron turned toward the two partners and extended both his hands.

"Boys," he said, "I don't know what I could say to you."

"Don't say nothing," Max interrupted. "The boy is worth it, otherwise we wouldn't pay it. Business is business."

"I know it, boys," he said; "but a business man could have also a heart, ain't it?"

Max nodded.

"And you boys," Aaron concluded, "you got a heart too, believe me. What a heart you got it! Like a watermelon!"

He looked at Miss Meyerson for an approving smile and, having received it, he gave final expression to his emotions of friendship and gratitude in the worst coughing-spell of his asthmatic career.

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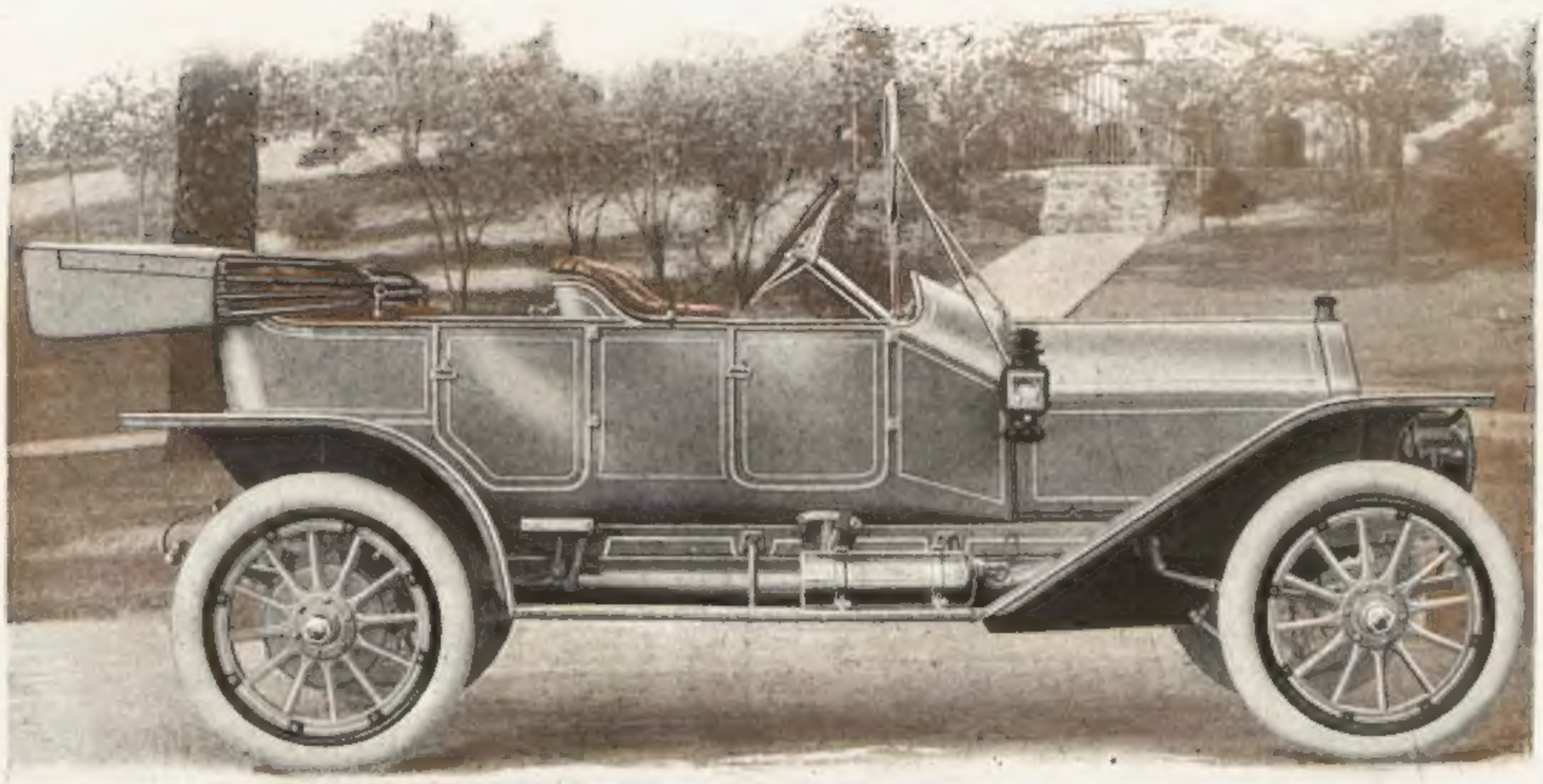

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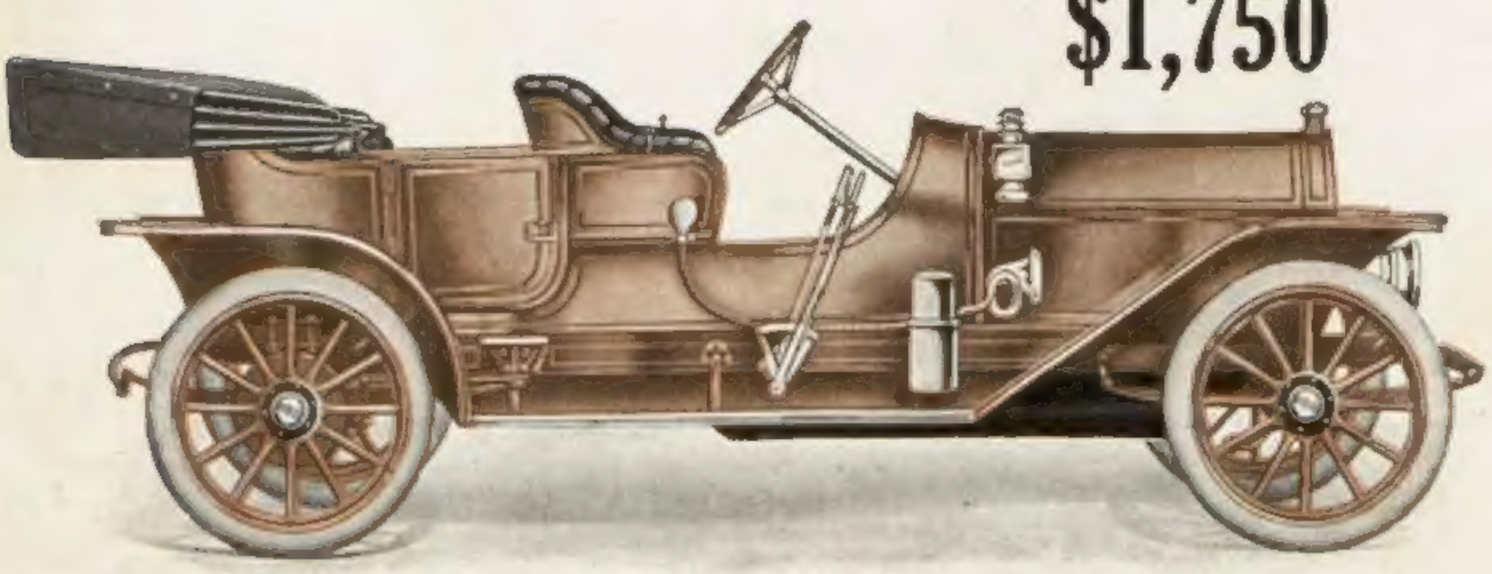

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